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The Mystic

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The Mystic, March 7, 1969

Moorhead State College

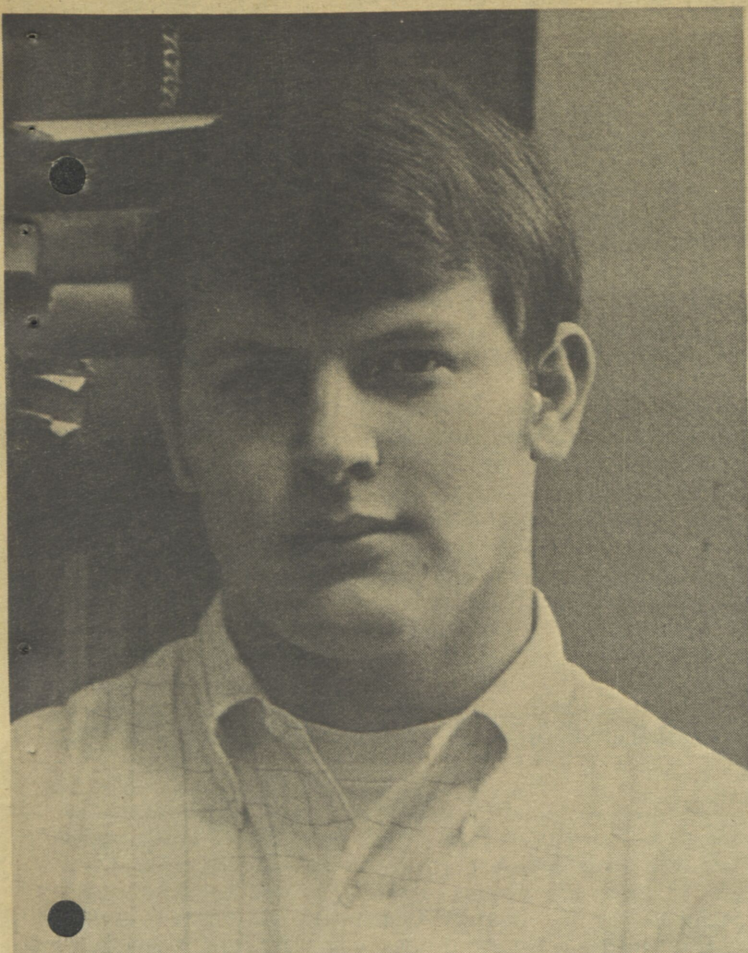
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MISTIC Interviews President Norrgard



Phil Norrgard, new Senate President

Jerome Clark: What do you hope to do as the new student body president?

Phil Norrgard: Most of all, I want more students to become actively involved in all campus activities, not just politics. I would also like to establish a stronger base of communication between the administration and the senate.

Clark: Why do you think there isn't one now?

Norrgard: Well, there's a faction of the administration and faculty that doesn't know what the senate's up to. Like the trouble with Tom Clark's appointment to the MISTIC Board. McFarland should have talked with Dille beforehand, and there wouldn't have been the problem.

Clark: Don't you think that the administration uses the "lack of communication" line as an excuse to disregard what it doesn't like from the student body?

Norrgard: There should be a really good try for communication, like a column in the MISTIC, for example. If the problem still existed, the administration would be out of excuses -- and so would the students.

Clark: What happens then?

Norrgard: I wouldn't venture to say.

Clark: Do you see any circumstances under which it might be necessary to confront the administration outside the established channels?

Norrgard: To take a hypothetical situation: say the school decided it wasn't going to accept Catholics and athletes. Something like that. The issue would have to be drastic.

Clark: It seems to me that if the school took such a position, it would be going outside the established channels. For one thing, such discrimination is illegal.

Can you see an issue right now that would justify confrontation?

Norrgard: I'll say no, but I'm sure you won't agree.

Confrontation is your reserve. Students have to be heard, dealt with, recognized. The administration must show concern. The student must work by persuasion. Outside the proper channels students would be using the threat of violence and obstruction to get what they want. Right now I still have faith that students can work within proper channels. I believe our administration is concerned.

Clark: Do you feel that the college has a responsibility to reform the society outside it?

Norrgard: I believe that the college has a responsibility to educate students.

Clark: What good is education without a moral sense? What about the universities in Nazi Germany, which refused to judge what was happening there?

Norrgard: This is a public school. Most of its funds come from middle class taxpayers who want to see middle class values propagated.

Clark: So?

Norrgard: So if the school acts in a manner irresponsible to the middle class, the school will suffer.

Clark: I suppose the banning of military recruiters from campus would be regarded as "irresponsible" to many middle class types.

Norrgard: I suppose. The school should have an open campus. Your fight is not with the man behind the desk but with the student who comes up to him.

If you want to get something through -- an educational institution should be a place for a free exchange of ideas. People coming out of the institution should have a broader view, having had many ideas to choose from.

The first responsibility is in the students who graduate.

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THE MOORHEAD STATE MISTIC

VOL. 45 NO. 18

Moorhead State College, Moorhead, Minnesota

MARCH 7, 1969

Bernick Interviews Mac

by Joe Bernick

Wayne McFarland ended his term as Student Senate and Student Body President with a quiet meeting in the Ballroom on Sunday, Feb. 2. I had to wait for two days for the opportunity to interview Mr. McFarland with a clear mind. I guess he was overcome by emotion or something. Besides it's only appropriate that the final tribute to Wayne as student senator be performed by Joe Bernick.

When first assuming office Wayne felt he was alienated from the majority of senators. He explains that the senators had just gotten a taste of an active senate and feared that Wayne was there to lead the senate back to an inactive and uncontroversial type of senate and busying itself with Homecoming and Snow Week. He had many obstacles to surpass, "When running for president, many people I admired would not support me", he explained

adding, of course, that many good friends and good people did support him.

At this point I must admit that Wayne did only half of the talking during this interview. If you don't know me well enough to believe this then you may ask Ken Nelson, he was there.

Wayne felt that the big chance came when he and the senate got involved with Project E-Quality. The project enabled him to gain the confidence of most concerned students who previously were suspicious of him. He was also enabled to speak to the student body and the community. I guess our Wayne came out of his isolation and learned that he belonged to a larger community. Don't believe it, Wayne always had lots of friends and a big enough mouth.

Wayne noted as the major chance in student government since last year, that the senate is no longer cautious of the attitude it takes towards the administration, providing they feel they are in the right. Now even when the senate uses "recommend" in a motion, they mean it should and is going to be done, "and then we work out the details." As an example, Wayne gave Faculty Evaluation, "If the Faculty can't do it, we will go ahead and do it."

Wayne feels that the senate has gotten more involved, as a large section of the student body, though not a majority, are expecting action from the senate.

He noted that at times students may react against the senate, but that in most cases students come to the senate asking for some basic or minor changes in college policy. As an example, Wayne noted the Owl Fraternity which came to the senate to appeal



Wayne McFarland, outgoing President

"Faculty Evaluation" Passes Committees

Two major campus organizations, the Committee on Curriculum and Instruction (CC&I) and the Faculty Senate, gave solid backing last week to the general principle of student evaluation of faculty members proposed by the Student Senate.

Support for the principle that students should be involved in the evaluation of courses and instructors and thus have a voice in decisions concerning the firing and retention of instructors and professors was given in strong voice votes at special meetings

each body held to consider a proposal by a 6-man student-faculty committee for launching such an evaluation program.

But opposition of several faculty members to the lengthy and complex evaluation form the committee proposed be used on an experimental basis in the first student evaluations this quarter led the Faculty Senate, meeting Feb. 26, to approve a motion by Dr. Warren Thomsen, chairman of the Mathematics Department,

Mathis to Perform

World renowned pianist James Mathis will be performing Monday night, March 10, at 8:15 p.m. in the Center for the Arts auditorium. Ticket prices are \$3.00, \$2.00, and half-price for students with activity cards. Mathis is being brought by the Series for the Performing Arts.

"Mr. Mathis proved himself on first acquaintance a decidedly superior musician and a superbly capable technician. It is hardly too early in the game to predict for him a brilliant career. There is plenty of room at the top for a man with his brain power." With these words, the New York Times heralded the debut of the Dallas-born pianist on January 16, 1962. By 1966, the Dallas Morning News could tell its readers that "Mr. Mathis of Dallas" is also "James Mathis of Carnegie Hall, of Wigmore Hall, London, of the concert halls of Germany, Austria, Italy, Holland and Brazil. He will be one of the greatest keyboard musicians of the annals or almost; for his musicianship is prodigious and his development as a human being promises interpretative inspiration."

Now barely over 30, James Mathis started to play the piano while in public school and made such exceptional progress that at the age of 10 performed with the Southern Methodist University Symphony in his native city. Three years later he won a scholarship from the Juilliard School of Music in New York, their youngest scholarship student ever. He studied with Olga Samaroff, then Rosina Lhevinne and obtained his master's degree in 1955.

The beginning of his career was studded with prizes. In 1954 he received the Kosciuszko Foundation Chopin Award; 1956 brought him a Fulbright Grant under which he went to Vienna for further study, and First Prize in the Munich International Competition; in 1960 he won the Busoni Competition in Bolzano, Italy, and the following year the National Federation of Music Clubs -- Steinway Award which entailed his New York recital debut in 1962.

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Editorials

Freaks in the Office

This there office discovered this game which we must spend much time doing. You see if you play checkers all the time you stay sane on this lousy campus. Now the only trouble with this there checkers is this Dovenmuhle Steve or something who sits on his rear all day and freaks out all the hard workers on the MISTIC staff. Like the next damned Editor of this rag better not let that checker playing idiot hang out at this here office. I mean, I mean, I mean like the other day that creep comes in to this here place and beats me in a game of checkers. The bum sure got guts, but that's all right. It is that ego of his that pisses me off. Why can't he go play checkers in his own room?

Sorry about that. I forgot he got thrown off his floor by the guys after he was caught writing his life history on his R.A.'s door. Like that freak really got the nerve to write graffiti like that on good wood. Anyway he sits here and invents all these ridiculous checker games like not only Chinese but also Shangi Mat checkers and Mau Mau Checkers.

On top of this he goes and attracts all these Wadena freaks at our office. Man, that Dennis Olson cat is weird. If Eric Peltoniemi ever teaches him how to write and Deano comes back to edit the MISTIC and publishes a story by him, WOW, we'll all get shot for sure. Like I don't mean shot by Dr. Dille or the Moorhead pigs but shot by every sane student on campus. Can't you just see both of them coming up here with shotguns? Anyway, we haven't as yet been cursed with writing by that Olson. We have unfortunately been cursed by writing by another Olson.

Now imagine walking into this office and this broad is floating around with flowers all over her dirty face. I mean floating, man, floating. This here Griffin cat is running around talking about the draft and how there ain't no windows in this here office. Like the man has a right to say anything he wants, but I'm Editor and I say what goes around here. I mean like Olonski won't get paid this week. Ain't no money coming for garbage.

Anyway when you come in, Dennis Olson is sitting in the middle of the room so nobody can see him with his hands in his pockets, and Eric is typing some ridiculous review of a record that won't come out till after he dies. I sure hope he dies soon cause I really want to hear those records. Meanwhile J.R. is standing behind my back reading all of my beautiful and creative and inspiring editorials and drools all over my brand new suit coat I just picked up at downtown Casselton for \$25.

Now there's this idiot who wants to be in my shoes but is only an ego and a string of black greasy hair over his head and inside his browns. He rooms with God and this other greaser who also hangs around the office when he ain't eating brownies with Kathie. Now I don't got nothing against brownies, ain't that right, Terril? but will you guys please remind Ken Nelson that he don't work for the outfit no more. Only P.F. worries about nickels and dimes and small stuff. Only real thing I got against that horny guy, really, is that blond freak he brings around here. Like I can stand a guy that can play checkers well, better than a guy who don't even no which way to move the pieces.

We even got this here straight guy here. He stems from Blain and runs around with a smelly old blue sweater and a brush cut. Actually we all know that he works for the same outfit that Dale Barlage is working for. It really isn't his fault though, you would be the same if you lived with a Bahai and a Jock and a....

In spite of all this Wadena excitement we can get along as long as they don't run out of Coke and coffee in the snatch bar downstairs. This office does smell like that lousy coke most of the time. Haven't you guys ever heard of mouthwash? I can stand odor and stuff but that there David Brawthen and Carole who pretend to work for the MISTIC but are actually undercover (get it) agents for the McFarland-Matson-Norrard syndicate operating out of next door, really get on my guts. They got da right to be on my guts though. It's real easy like my guts come out every time that fake Captain Jack comes in. Ever wonder what Jack is short for?

I don't mean to knock all these people, but we do need changes around here. My solution is to bring in the Mass Communications Department. Let them run the paper. After all, they know how to write better than I do. They couldn't do it any worse anyway. Now after they begin working and putting out a real good looking, well laid-out, uncontroversial, representative, decent, clean and incredibly dull piece of crap, we sent in this Dover Mule cat or whatever his name was (what a freak) and Dennis Johnson and even Bill Bradford, Wadena's answer to Paul Meyers. These here guys will lead this here paper out of pot into an I.A. masterland up in the sky, and I mean up when I say up. You know how they work and you know that the office will be machinegunned about a million times by these creeps.

When I first assumed this lousy job, I figured that I would say goodbye to you in my last issue, but now I've decided that I'm not leaving but only escaping all these ignorant slob who spend all their time climbing their own ego walls. It's like I'm glad to leave and I miss the only sane person to ever exist in this world, Roger Jung. We need more clear and clean minds like his. Don't forget now that cleanliness is next to Canada or Puerto Rico or maybe even New Folden.

J.B.

On the Nogard

In reference to fall quarter's issue of NOGARD. The MISTIC wishes to remind you to think, when you are reading through it, of how many 16 gallon kegs of beer the student body could have bought for \$2,000.

by LeeAnn Derrick

It is a well-known fallacy that the only thing the Greek organizations are good for is, good keg parties.

Although the main purpose of the Greek organizations is social, this does not mean that alcoholic beverages run the organizations.

SOCIAL, as defined in WEBSTER'S is "the interaction of the individual and the group, or the welfare of human beings as members of society."

SOCIAL within the Greek organizations means, building a well-rounded person through promoting service, scholarship and co-operative interaction.

The first responsibility of any Greek is scholarship, and scholarship is highly stressed in all Greek organizations.

Both Panhellenic and IFC have set up a grade point average that must be met by each person that would like to join a sorority or fraternity.

Most Greek organizations have pledge programs that require a certain amount of study hours per week from their pledges. Also, a younger member of a Greek organization can benefit from the older member's knowledge and experience.

Service to the community and mankind as a whole is important, and all the Greek organizations have some sort of philanthropy project, for example; The Alpha Phi Sorority works for the Heart Fund, the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority sponsors camps for underprivileged children, and the TKE Fraternity sponsors Christmas parties each year for the orphans of the area.

The Greeks feel that working for a worthy cause builds cooperation within the groups, and it also gives the members a chance to show the community that college students do care about people and that they are not afraid to show it in constructive ways.

Cooperative interaction, does not only mean planning exchanges and good times, it also means working for, and sponsoring activities on campus. Greeks are on Student Senate, work on Student Senate committees, write for the MISTIC and the NOGARD and they sponsor campus dances and yearly activities.

OFFICIAL BULLETIN

NOTICES must be received by 10 a.m. the Monday prior to publication and should be sent to Official Bulletin, Registrar's Office, MacLean. Except for certain notices of unusual campus-wide importance, they will be printed only once.

REMINDER TO APPLICANTS FOR FINANCIAL AID FOR 1969-1970 ACADEMIC YEAR:

New or renewal applications for National Defense Student Loan (NDSL) and/or Educational Opportunity Grant (EOG) and/or College Work-Study Program employment opportunities (CW-SP) should be completed no later than dates indicated; timely applications will receive preference.

Completed Parents' Confidential Statement mailed to College Scholarship Service -

- by Feb. 15 for EOG Renewal (now past due)

- by March 15 for NDSL and/or CW-SP.

Completed Application for Financial Aid form to College Financial Aid Office -

- by March 1 for EOG Renewal (now past due)

- by April 15 for NDSL and/or CW-SP.

Ode to the Greeks

Exchanges and good times, do have their place too. By putting on exchanges, the members of the different organizations can get to know one another and a member has a far easier chance of widening his circle of acquaintances, from the alums of the organization and the school administrators, down to the fraternities and sororities across the river.

Greek organizations strive to create thinking, well - rounded individuals. (next week - PROFILES OF GREEKS)

NOTES -----

* The Xi Omega Fraternity announces its new pledges. They are: Tom Andringa, Crookston, Minn., Dave Asleson, Moorhead, Pat Connelly, Moorhead, Allen Davis, Pelican Rapids, Minn., Jerry Hasbrouck, Crookston, Minn., Harry Holm, Edina, Minn., Greg Johnson, St. Paul, Minn., Wayne Marek, Warren, Minn., Bob Overby, Moorhead, Terry Slinde, Fargo, and Mark Untiedt, Edina, Minn.

Editorials

Justice to Senate

Last week I cut into President Dille and our administration, but this week I find it necessary to do equal justice to our Student Senate over their actions on the same issue. That Senate of ours voted in their last meeting to refer the question of Brawthen's appointment to the Conduct Committee over the Faculty Senate.

Although this might be my last editorial, I find it an urgent matter to bitch out my puppets for not responding to string pulling. I don't mean that they should respond to Joe Bernick, Dr. Dille or Mike Pehler. What I mean is that they should feel the responsibility to support their own stands. Our Senators have sold out their own principles and the student body's not to mention the MSCSA's.

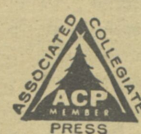
Students, just look at the facts. The Senate supposedly feels that student representative government should be empowered to choose all student members of College committees. The Senate supposedly feels that the President should have little authority if any in student appointments. The Senate supposedly feels that the faculty, and especially the Faculty Senate, should have no say in student appointments. So what do our Senators do? They go and ask the Faculty Senate for a ruling on the matter. What a ridiculous thing to do especially when they know that the Faculty Senate is scared of "Student involvement."

What is really weird was that only three Senators voted against the motion. Ironically they were the "radical" Roger Jung, the "liberal" Kim Giddings, and the "conservative" Steve Hillestad. What a myth all these titles are. How can anyone really eat that "liberal verses conservative" crap? Where has "student power" gone? I'm not saying that all Senators sold out, but only that most did.

Let's be happy that we got a new Senate next quarter. They might be more liberal or conservative, but let's just hope that they stick to their principles. I don't really think that we students care much about any individual Student Senator, but I believe that we all wish for the authority to govern our own lives. We believe in student run dormitories and in students running all student activities. Strange enough to many students is the fact that many faculty members feel the same way. It's about time the Student Senate realizes that any action they take is not by definition student power. We don't really care about student power. We do care about our rights.

J.B.

PAINTINGS BY ROBERT KNIPSCHILD will be on exhibit from March 10 through March 28 in the gallery of the Center for the Arts. Mr. Knipschild is Chairman of the Department of Art, at the University of Cincinnati.



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LETTERS

Whaley On Mirrors ???

To the Editor:

It is interesting to note the lack of any concerted political action in the area since last fall's election. Where have all our good little republicans and democrats gone? Why are the New Left's vocal young people so strangely silent? (Mirror, mirror on the wall, was the New Left a "one shot" after all?)

For months preceding the election we were all put down because of a lack of political action, well activists, where the hell are you? Could it be that all of these good people were really interested in controversy rather than long range political action? Or perhaps many of them desired to make a name for themselves. Well whatever the case I am sure many of you understand that change in any system requires work - process - and that it won't happen by raising hell all over campus (although this is a most appealing technique for dramatizing "Movement" goals, I wish it would happen here) but it will happen when the SDS and New Liberal types go into the community and incorporate Community Action into a political body working for generalized goals. (Anyone remember the Greenbacks?)

Well what I wanted to say was that I hope all of you one shot people come back because it looks like the New Left and the Movement is the last avenue for change open to those of us who are fed up with the existing power structure. I would hate to see this approach closed by default. (Mirror, mirror on the wall, perhaps we can make some of the system responsive after all.)

Richard Whaley

The Vets

To the Editor:

Will wonders never cease? Can't we be spared from hate and mistrust for just one day, a week? Well the deal is that a certain group of organizations on this campus have taken it upon themselves to protect us from the "left", or any moves by the "left" to "take over" the campus.

Oh, we can see it now. Those dirty SDS and various liberals are all sitting around plotting the fall of President Dille (who knows, it might be a good idea.) All day, week after week they conspire, then Super Conservative gets wind of the fact that some people are thinking that maybe we can have a better world free of war and hate and napped babies, inflated body counts and those who come back from war with poisoned minds.

But no, heavens no, none of that at MSC. Send spies in to make sure no one is allowed to carry out any "plans." What the point of all this spy-guy stuff is, we don't really know, but dear reader, it is going on around here.

We would be so bold as to suggest that all this mistrust is fear (fear of any change based upon previous indoctrination) hate (of what some can't understand) and perhaps the green army clad monster, jealousy. We would also suggest that hate and danger does not come from those few who carry an SDS membership card, but those who drill for ROTC, those who form organizations because their having been in the

armed forces somehow makes them better, or superior to those of us fortunate enough not have become, what we consider criminals against humanity.

Well, you take it from here. We suggest that instead of trying to "beat" those of us who are trying to change this country, that you at least listen to what we say. We believe that you junior spy-guys out there might find that your fears are groundless and that there might be hope for you yet.

Richard Whaley
Joe Jorland

Hello

To the people of Moorhead State College:

As the campus elections approach I think of the many days of joy and fascination you once allowed me to have. I miss my college days more than anything, but I guess we all have to face the world sooner or later. Being in the capitol of our nation isn't the worst place to start my life. I've learned very much and enjoy living in the Washington area. There are so many things to do. I was fortunate enough to obtain tickets for the inauguration from Odin Langen, so I was among the two million people crowded in Washington that day. I've visited a few other places, and have taken in a lot of the fabulous night life.

Last Thursday I came upon a situation that made me very proud of some of the work you have been doing in the past year. Driving down N Street in Southeast Washington, I saw seven men dressed in rags. Their hair was long and beards shaggy. These weren't the typical Hippies which seem to be throughout our country which, congregate here in Georgetown. They were men in their forties, needless to say, poverty stricken. They were standing in huddle formation between two evacuated houses. They stood around what appeared to be a garbage barrel. Over the barrel was a grid of some sort with meat cooking on it. I'm certain it wasn't a typical barbecue we're accustomed to. These men probably had no homes or if they did they'd probably left them in a state of distress. I'm concerned for men in their state, but I'm more concerned for the younger people they left behind. The project you have initiated is a start to compensate for some of these problems. I want to commend you very much and hope you continue with this in the years to come. I sincerely wish I was there to help in this venture. With the senate change over coming up soon, I want to commend the old senate members for the many hours you've put into making Moorhead State a better college. I haven't kept up on all of your activities but I'm sure you've done an outstanding job. To the new senate whomever it may be, I wish the best. You have a big job ahead of you. Do it well and it will be most rewarding.

Well, I've said enough. If any of you are ever in Washington, look me up. I will be very happy to see you. I'm living with three guys in a big house in Annandale, Va. If any of you get time, drop me a line.

My address:
4200 Gallows Road
Annandale, Virginia 22003

Dale Barlage

Call to Arms

To the Editor:

I have now come to the conclusion that this country must burn so that we can right the wrongs that the parents of war have made. They teach us, or you might say that they have programmed us, to kill, steal, and hate. As long as they have done such a good job of their teaching, let's put it to a good use.

The first thing that must be done is the total destruction of the dollar. Students, destroy everything material that you can lay your hands on. Start with the colleges, then the immediate community. When you begin this, don't stop.

As for what weapons to use, pick one that is very accurate. The rifle that I recommend is a rebuilt German Mauser. These rifles are very cheap, they are rugged, and they are easy to use. As for the accuracy of this rifle, in any series of shooting you can place the majority of shots in an area about the size of a human heart, throat, or the area of the forehead.

If all the students of the United States revolted at one time, we could change the system completely.

Next week I will tell you how and when the revolution will start.

Robert Hayne

ON THE SPOT

by Tobe Bjorland and

Ali Ben Bjorn

As this ten weeks sojourn in purgatory nears completion, we now take it upon ourselves to meditate on said inquisition.

Since libraries are made to be open or opened as it were, and since Livingston Lord can be broadly categorized as such, it is only natural that such action (extension to library hours) would bring great consternation to the masses attending this institution. Libraries are for students, as we all know(?).

It should suffice to say that the female population of this institution has been informed that they are under the benevolent protection of a competent force of night riders.

Our local Harvard boy(?) and past Mystic editor took great strides to preserve the Mystic's glorious ivy encrusted past and to further the cause of responsible journalism. In a moment of revelation he also seconded a motion which killed and buried deeply the afore mentioned strides.

NDSU was the scene, MUN was the crime, and editor Joe provided the entertainment, complete with fireworks under the auspices of an international study in

idiosyncrasies. Brother Roger, Sister Claudine and the enlightened ROTC combined forces to personify big brother in New York. All in all, reality in New York and fantasy in Fargo became one.

Ex-Dean Dille played host to a motley assortment of Christians (?) in days not distantly past. Liberation was the motif and Brother Roger provided the party hats in the clandestine throne room. The fiasco was enjoyed by all, as editor Joe later communicated via the local media.

Storm clouds gathered over the hallowed and cracked-plaster walls of the MISTIC office as the military industrial complex extended an invitation to a local celebrate (editor Joe) (?) to visit an unspecified rice paddy, in a land of beauty and intrigue blessed by Uncle Sam's huge welcome wagon. The invitation offers unlimited opportunities to the young geographer.

It is said that the condemned man ate a hearty breakfast.

As Ho liberated Ky and Daley liberated McCarthy, Cota has liberated the MSC damsels in dis-

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A Foreign Student's Experience

by Jitendra R. Patel

Before writing my experiences at this college I would like to answer the question asked by many students as to why I chose Moorhead State College. Well, I come from Kenya, where there are very few colleges and entrance to one of them is very competitive. Normally, most of the students upon graduation from high school go abroad to pursue their career. I was one of them and went to England first. After two years of college education I decided to come to the U.S.A. and so wrote to a few colleges. I wrote to MSC because I had a few friends and also I wanted to study in a small college. Another reason why I came to MSC was because the U.S. embassy interviewed you every time you applied to a college in U.S., and you had to fill in forms, take tests in English etc. I found some of the procedures very inconvenient and after I was accepted at MSC I didn't bother to apply to any other college.

I came to Moorhead State College in January 1968 and one of my first complaints was that a foreign student was not given any information about this college prior to coming here. There was no correspondence between the college and me when I was in England. I must mention that I wrote four letters but none were answered. I did receive the form I-20 which is needed to get the visa only after I sent a telegram requesting it. I feel that the lack of information about the college leads to problems for a foreign student as he has to face it once he is here.

Some of the problems which have confronted a foreign student are: Job opportunities, ways of testing procedures, and the lack of communications with American students. Regarding the jobs a foreign student cannot work off campus because of the immigration rules, thus he has to work on-campus. Since coming here, and is the feeling of some of my fellow foreign students, its very hard to get a job on-campus.

Once again we are either under government laws that we are not eligible for any jobs under work-study. Last summer only two foreign students were hired in the college as they had no money. I am very surprised as they could only find \$1,000.00 in summer for jobs for foreign students. I feel that the college should try to offer jobs to foreign students or at least better the situation than the existing one.

The testing procedures in examinations has often been one of the grievances which most foreign students have complained about. My high school education was based similar to the British System, and the tests require written answers. Most of the foreign students had never even heard of Multiple choice or Matching tests and have found it hard to adjust with American system. I feel that the college should give option to a foreign student to take essay type examinations in courses which normally have multiple choice tests. This would help him as I am sure grades are important when applying to a graduate school.

Well, this problems have sort of been one of the reasons why we as foreign students have not so far been able to have better communications with American students. One of my reasons in coming to America was to learn the customs and traditions and exchange ideas. I feel that students from both sides would benefit by better communications. Last year in Winter Quarter I found it very hard to accept some of the attitudes of the students, and found that in order to get friends I had to conform to their ways of thinking etc. Even now I find that the case is the same except that the one's who know me understand some of my ways

of life and have accepted me.

During my year's experience I have found religion to be one of the important subjects. Last year I found that a lot of American students didn't know much about other religions. In my discussions with some I found that they

didn't want someone to criticize anything about their religion. It was shown by their attitudes when they met me again where they acted as strangers. I feel that one should learn to respect all religions and know them. There is no point in telling the other his religion is the best. I feel that by discussion one can learn more about other religions.

The International Students Association was formed last year and the purpose of it is to increase the communications between the foreign students and American students. The organization is open to all and I feel that it would bridge the lack of communications. At our meetings a foreign student shows slides, films and talks about his country. I feel that by having American students there they can learn about our countries customs and traditions so that they can understand us better. In return an American student can talk about the United States, its customs etc. which will help us know more about the U.S. and its people. In the future the International students plan to show films, raise money for scholarships. We also plan to have a slave auction which had lots of success last year. We will be busy, so if any student is interested in joining our club they can go to the students personal services and give your name and address and you will be notified of our meetings.

To end this I feel that we should unite to solve the problems of foreign students and have better communications. This would lead to an increase in the foreign students here and their experiences will be more favorable ones than mine so far.

Small things like reason are put in a jar.

--Grace Slick

"God made man to be born free. Why must he forget it."

--P.F. Sloan

FMDIC: Draft Facts

by Carl H. Griffin

This week will feature: OUTLINE OF SELECTIVE SERVICE PROCEDURES.

The following information should give the registrant a basic idea of what happens from the first day he registers with the selective service board to an order to report for induction.

1. REGISTRATION is required within five days of one's 18th birthday. Lateness is often forgiven. If living far from the area of one's permanent residence, one can register at a nearby draft board and registration will be sent to the local board with jurisdiction over his permanent address.

2. A REGISTRATION CARD (SS Form 2) is mailed shortly after registration, showing the SS number assigned to the registrant. This is one of the two draft cards the law requires a man to have in his personal possession.

3. THE CLASSIFICATION QUESTIONNAIRE (SS Form 100) is given or mailed to the registrant at or sometime after registration. (Sample copies are available from FMDIC). The Form 100 provides the first chance to request deferment, exemption, and conscientious objector status; it must be returned within 10 days after date of issuance.

4. A SELECTIVE SERVICE FILE is kept for each registrant. In it are kept the SS forms the registrant has filled out, additional evidence the registrant has submitted, and SS records concerning his case. Evidence submitted to the local board at any time must be included in the file.

5. NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION is received soon after classification questionnaire is returned. Those believing they should be classified differently have a right to personal appearance and appeal.

6. PRE-INDUCTION PHYSICAL EXAMINATION will be a few months to a few years after classification, examination of intelligence, physical and mental health, loyalty, education, criminal record, is made at Armed Forces Examination Station. Doctor's letters and other evidence should be taken.

7. APPEAL - Anyone may appeal any unsatisfactory classification by a local board. Appeal procedure outlined for CO's applies to all registrants regardless of classification sought.

8. INDUCTION - From a few weeks to several years after pre-induction examination, depending on deferments that may postpone eligibility and on army's manpower needs. Men classified I-A and I-A-O who have passed a pre-induction physical examination may be inducted only in the following order under present regulations: (check with FMDIC to find out about the regulations)

WARNING: all information published in this column is highly condensed. If you wish more information on the procedures of Selective Service, consult a reliable draft counselor at the FARGO-MOORHEAD DRAFT INFORMATION CENTER. Call 236-5616 or write FMDIC, 118 7th St. S., Moorhead.

VARSITY CHOIR CONCERT: The MSC Varsity Choir will perform their annual concert Sunday, March 9 at 8:00 p.m. in the Center for the Arts Auditorium. Admission will be \$1.00 for adults, \$1.50 for couples, and 50¢ for students. Proceeds go to Project E-Quality.

STAGE BAND CONCERT: The MSC stage band will perform its annual concert Wednesday, March 12, at 8:15 p.m. in the Center for the Arts Auditorium. Proceeds will go towards the choir's European tour.

by Quilla Turner

Did you know that the ugly picture the white man painted about Africa was not a real portrait of what Africa is like? The real Africa has contributed enormously to Black self-pride; whereas yesterday, Africa contributed even more to Black self-hate.

To understand why it is necessary to recall the image of Africa that prevailed just a few years ago - the image which indeed, still dominates most people's thinking today. Africa, in this view, is the Dark Continent, "a continent without history," a place of savagery and ignorance whose people had contributed nothing at all to human progress. For many years Africa was described in tales of jungles of wild animals, and wild black men.

On the other hand; Africa was called the Dark Continent because no one knew much about it or wanted to know about it. Although the illusions existed in the minds of many people, not until recently has the real image been revealed to the world.

Did you know Africa, long considered the Dark Continent is now regarded as the place where man first received light. Ancient Africans, long considered primitive and ignorant, are now revealed as creative contributors to Egyptian civilization and builders of powerful states in the Sudan. Olduvai Gorge: "A series of startling discoveries in this area suggests that the most important and fascinating developments in human history took place in the

Dark Continent." Discoveries by Dr. L.S.B. Leakey and other scholars indicate that man was born in Africa, that he began to use tools there and that this seminal incentive spread to Europe and Asia. The Nile Valley: "important finds in the Sudan and Nile Valley prove that peoples of a black (Negro) type were influential contributors to that cradle of civilization - Egypt." Discoveries at excavations near Khortoun to the Sudan and at El Badori on the Nile indicate that Stone Age Negroes laid the foundation for much of the civilization of the Nile Valley and manufactured pottery before pottery was made in the world's earliest known city.

Black people were among the first people to use tools, paint pictures, plant seeds and worship gods. "Back there," as Lerone Bennett Jr., put it, "in the beginning, blackness was not an occasion for obloquy." In fact the reverse seems to have been true. White men were sometimes ridiculed for the "unnatural whiteness of their skin." Black people were known and honored

throughout the ancient world. Ancient Ethiopia, a vaguely defined territory somewhere to the south of Egypt, was hailed as a place fit for the vacation of the gods. Homer praised Menon, King of Ethiopia, and black Eurybates. The Mosaic records allude to them frequently, but while they are described as the most powerful, the most just, and the most beautiful of the human race. They are constantly spoken of as black, and there seems to be no other conclusion to be drawn, than that at a remote period of history the leading race of the Western world was a black race.

1. "Before the Mayflower," Lerone Bennett Jr.

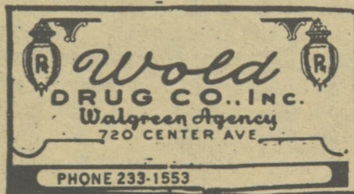
2. "Crisis in Black and White," Charles Silberman

PIANIST JAMES MATHIS will be presented in concert March 10 at 8:15 p.m. at the CA Auditorium. He is being presented under the auspices of the Series for the Performing Arts. Tickets are now on sale.

Join The Tri-college European Studies Club

Club Activity: Trip To Europe.
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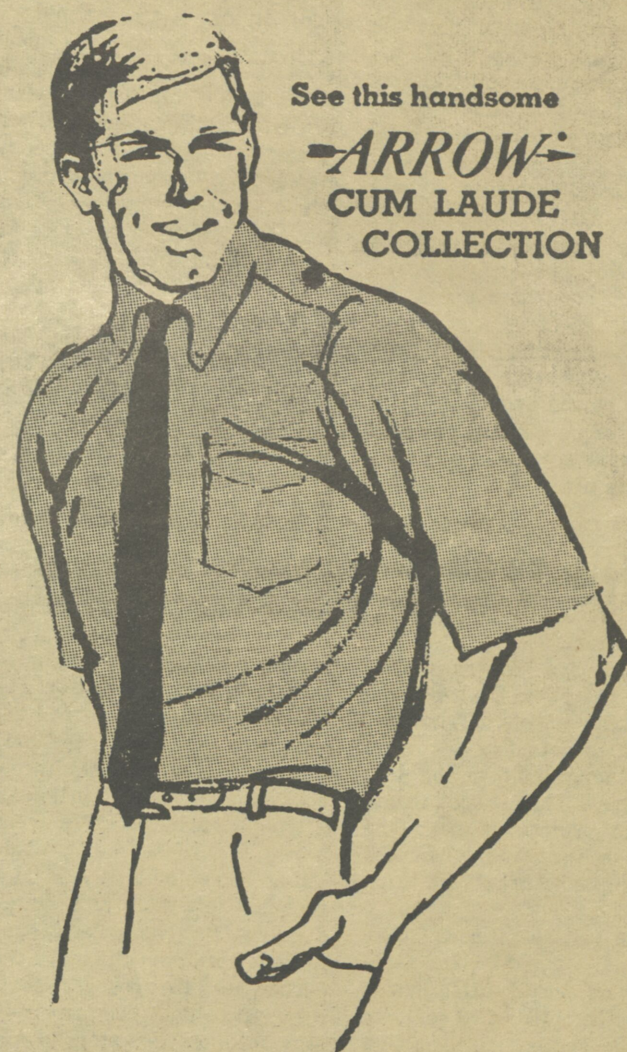
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Summer Employment

Students looking for summer jobs can now get help from the American Association of College Students.

In response to requests from college students throughout the country, the Association has prepared three booklets listing organizations interested in hiring college students for summer employment.

One booklet lists jobs available in recreation and resort

areas. More than 450 dude ranches, restaurants, hotels, and camps are included in the catalog. It also discusses ways to get jobs in national parks.

The second booklet deals with jobs in business and industry. More than 60 companies are listed with information on what the company does, what type of background is required for summer employees, and how many students the company plans to hire.

Information on more than 25,000 jobs with the federal government is included in the third booklet. Each department and agency of the federal government which hires students in the summer is listed along with the academic majors students should have to apply to that agency.

"These booklets should be a tremendous help to students looking for jobs outside their home towns," according to Alan Jen-

kins, executive secretary of the AACS. "Together they represent more than 50,000 jobs. There should be something there for students with any type of background or interest."

The booklets may be obtained by writing: Summer Jobs, American Association of College Students, 30 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill. 60602.

There is a \$2 service charge to cover the cost of printing and handling for each booklet. Requests should specify which catalog is desired: recreation, business or government.

PSYCE-DELICATESSEN COFFEE HOUSE: tomorrow night at the Student Union Snack Bar from 9 - 11:30 . Special entertainer Pete Ringheim will perform.

Things by Jim Davis

(Due both to popular and popular demand, and more than anything else, no demand at all, Things is back for a day.)

Unimportant Things--

You may keep humanity, I prefer people!

Who in hell is Phil Norrgard? (Is he the guy who puts out the backwards Dragon?) (I promised him I'd mention him. I've become a name dropper.)

Speaking of Dragons, where is it. It's about six months overdue! I suggest students, that in the future you save your money. There is no need for Dragons, Nogards, (Or Norrgards), MIS-TIC'S, administration, faculty, students, etc.

I got a letter from "my" church today.

I've been reading a book called "The Second Sex." In the introduction the author fairly states that to write a comparison of the two basic sexes one must be either neither or both. She then proceeds to make the comparison. ("Very interesting."--Jarl Mark--'69) Even so, if the reader will accept with a grin the statements made about males, the rest of the book is at least worth reading. (The author is female by the way.)

"And I looked toward the City of the Living, saying within myself: 'That belongs to the wealthy and the might.' And toward the City of the Dead I said: 'This too belongs to the wealthy and the mighty. Where then, I and the might. Where then, O Lord is the home of the poor and the weak?'"

"Having thus spoken, I lifted my eyes to the clouds, whose edges were colored with gold by the rays of the setting sun. And a voice within me said: 'Yonder.'"

Gibran

"'Tis Melpomene, daughter of Jupiter, and goddess of tragedy,' answered the (youth).

"'And what wants tragedy of me whilst you are yet by my side, happy youth?' And he answered me and said: 'She has come to show you the world and its sor-

rows, for who has not seen sorrow cannot see joy.'

* * *

"I saw the wretched poor sowing and the powerful rich harvesting and eating; and oppression standing there and the people calling it Law.

"A woman I saw like a lute in the hands of one who cannot play with it and is displeased with its sound.

"I beheld those armies investing the city of privilege; and armies in retreat because they were few in number and not united. And true freedom walking alone in the streets, seeking shelter before doors and rejected by the people. Then I saw selflessness walking in a mighty procession and the multitude hailed it as freedom."

-Gibran-

I've been trying to determine whether the religions set up by man are beneficial to him or if they aid in his destruction. Which is better: to bury man in illusions and invented "security," or to drown him in "reality" and insignificance? (A difficult question.) I'm in favor of letting him choose his own death.

Important Things-

I've also been scratching my ear with ideas concerning nationalism.

At it's inception and during its development nationalism was above all a unifying force promising equality, freedom, and security within the group.

With the development of nationalism came increasingly frequent conflicts of interest, now conflicts between nations and national interest.

Thus war grew and developed with nationalism.

We, the present three generations, have been born into an era of extreme nationalism. Yet, observant as man is, there has been concern over the effects of this national pride.

Unless it is possible to change nationalism from a blind, meaningless identification among persons with superficial similarities, into an association of all, since the vital characteristics are common in all; unless we can overcome the distrust among peoples that nationalism is based on; in fact the same distrust that separates generations, races,

Great figure "8"



but nobody noticed

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things for women only

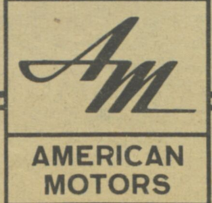
bi THINGS WE LIKE

THREE SOUTH EIGHTH STREET - FARGO

Driving Italian Style

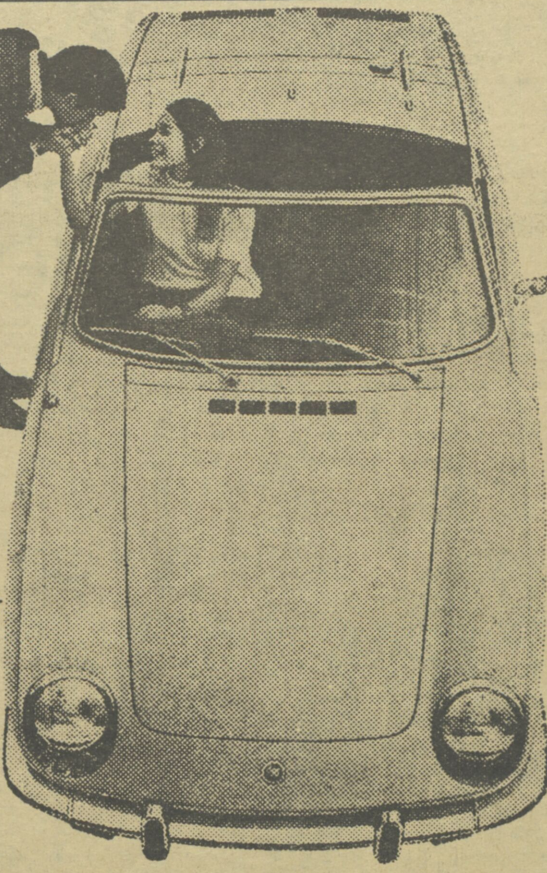
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Con't. on Page 15

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Review and Notes

s-o-h 460

by Eric B. Peltoniemi

A girl asked me the other day about Waylon Jennings. She had heard me talking about him and she had never heard him. She asked me what he was like, and I found it difficult to answer her, for it is easy to condemn, but hard to praise. I said "just trust me and buy one of his albums and if you really listen, I know you won't be sorry." Well she bought his album, "Love of the Common People," and she really liked it. I told her, "Now all you got to do, is buy some more" knowing damn well she was going to. That's the thing with Waylon, he really grows on you, because there are few voices like his and fewer minds to use them.

Waylon Jennings was born out in East Texas and worked as the bass player with Buddy Holly's Crickets and DJ'ing on the side. He sat in with the great old rock singer on his last sessions where he met a young guitarist named Fred Neil.

Both were destined to be appreciated similarly, by small groups of people, and both for the same reasons: their voices and soul. If you like Country-Western music and even if you don't, I advise you, like the girl, to listen to him. He is unparalleled by anyone in that scene, and everyone in that scene knows it. Get his "Love of the Common People" album; it's a good one to start out on. On it are the title son, "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away", the great "Money doesn't Make the Man" and many others, equally as good. Then after getting this album and getting into it get a couple of his other one, like "Hangin' on," "Only the Greatest, Jewels," or "Leavin' Town." They're all on RCA Victor.



Eric Peltoniemi

PSYCHEDELICATESSEN

Saturday night 9 - 11:30pm

At the Snack bar

In the Student Union

Board Asks for 'Power-sharing'

The CMU Policy Board called on a sharing of power between administration, faculty and students in governing the Student Union. A resolution, passed by 6-2 vote called on the College Administration to approve the constitution it passed earlier this year. The resolution also called for a 60% student representation on the board; a meeting between the Policy Board, college president and the Dean of Students; and an arrangement that when conflict occurs a meeting between the Policy Board and the administration be held, and that "no directives or decisions be considered by any parties as in force or valid until the administrative officers of the college concerned and this CMU Board have conferred, agreed, and issues one joint directive."

The resolution was introduced by Dr. John Gibbs and was heard

tily supported by all student members present. Students, who now comprise only 50% of the board, were angered at a report by the Dean of Students which

interpreted the role the Policy Board to be subservient to the Union Director, Dean of Student and President in that order.

Joe Bernick and Greg Olson, both board members, complained that the Council on Student Affairs considers the Policy Board

under them and consequently under the Faculty Senate, but now it is suddenly directly under the president. Both students repeatedly pointed out that students should have more say in the Student Union. Dean of Women Eileen Hume claimed that the board was originally set up as a policy board with the intention of

involving students and faculty in decision making and not just in being an advisory group to the Union Director.

Out of all this idle scheming, can't we have something to feel?

--The Band

3 Etudes: A Review

by Thomas McConn

She rose from the ocean of sheets and sat upright on the bed. A warm stench circulated the room, rubbing its fowl belly against the floor, walls, and ceiling. Laughing, she gathered the quilt into one large ball and flung it at the window. It hit the screen with a scratching thud and fell to the floor.

"Melissa, Melissa," he whispered slowly to her.

She threw her head downward. Her hair draped over her face. She laughed and screamed at him sarcastically.

"I am afraid!"

"I will come to you."

He was on the side of the room opposite the bed.

"Again?"

"Again and again -- and again."

Around the room there was an odor.

II Melissa removed her black stockings and danced. Her long dark hair swept over her back and bare shoulders. A tempting tease performed before the breathless audience of a mirror.

Melissa wanted to be swallowed. Melissa danced and the world watched. Outside, pine boughs were damp with melting snow and the streets were pain-

ted with mud. The cold air poured in from the opened door and caressed her naked body.

The fantastic incantation late winter overcame her.

III "We would make love to either Debussy or Ravel -- the choice would be yours."

His smooth hand brushed back and forth over the white skin of Melissa's neck.

"I don't know them at all."

"Then it would be both. Debussy first, and then Ravel."

He ran one finger over her bottom lip. She nibbled on his finger with her teeth.

"What are they like?" She whispered.

"Supple and alive and immense! I cannot describe..."

Melissa heard the wind roaring through the trees and the grass. Looking to the sky, she saw waves tossing in a mad sea of black clouds. Lightning crackled. There was thunder. Melissa was afraid and grabbed onto his arm.

"Can't we go inside? It's going to rain soon."

Debussy: La Mer

Ravel: Rapsodie Espagnole

Boston Symphony Orchestra,

Charles Munch, conductor

RCA-Victrola VICS-1041

In and Out Guide for Rock

by Colin Alistair Lowe, Esq.

After receiving thousands of requests to do a sequel to Mr. Peltoniemi's "where-it's-at-in-country music" article, I have decided to lay some good, and alternately, bad groups on you. Forget every music magazine that exists; the word has it that the Mystic music reviews are hip!

The following people, for the most part, would appear to be in:

TRAFFIC - because Stevie Winwood is a genius, is good-looking, and plays a damn good guitar.

JOHN MAYALL'S BLUESBREAKERS - for being the first English group in the blues revolution, and because John digs the Canned Heat, who are ultra-in.

THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION - for telling it like it is, and because anyone with a name

like Frank Zappa has to produce something cool.

THE MC5 - because they are going to sing their way to the revolution.

TEN YEARS AFTER - because Alvin Lee is the fastest guitar alive, is really freaky, and has such an interesting way of introducing songs, such as "Woodchoppers Ball".

THE PAWNBROKERS - for having such a "crusty blues sound".

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND - just listen to "Sister Ray", and you'll know why.

Con't on p. 11

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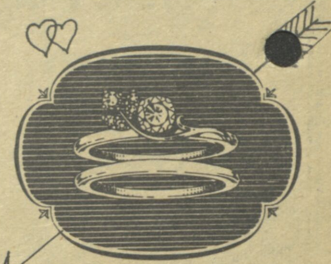
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MEMBER AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY

MSC Students Learn Revolutionary Pointers

by Richard Ormseth

Last Thursday was the first day of a three-day convocation cluster on revolution in Latin America, held at Beloit College in Beloit, Wisc. Being the good "leftist, radicals, revolutionaries, commies, pinkos" that we are; Joe Bernick, Dan Bennett, Dave (Ali Ben) Bjornstad, Claudine Kaiser-Lenoir and I went down to see if we could pick up a few pointers.

Upon arriving and paying our fee, which we later found out was unnecessary, we went to the snack bar to wait until the opening events at four o'clock. Inside the union we had an introduction to some of the life on the Beloit campus. We were confronted by two whites who asked us to sign a petition supporting the Black demands. We all signed the petition when told that it didn't matter if we attended Beloit or not. We did read the demands and agreed with all of them, for reasons of our own.

These are the Black student demands:

1) Full credit course offered each term, beginning Summer Term 1969, in African and Afro-American History, Art, Music, Philosophy, Economics, Government, Literature and Languages. The very nature of these courses requires that they be taught by Black professors.

2) Mandatory courses on the concept of Blackness, to be tended by the entire student body, faculty and administration of Beloit College.

3) An immediately stepped-up recruiting program aimed at

increasing the percentage of Black students to at least 10% of the total student body.

4) An immediately stepped-up hiring program aimed at increasing the percentage of Black faculty members to 20% of the total faculty.

5) Sections of dorms reserved for Black students.

6) Re-evaluation of the current curriculum to include relevant contributions by Black experts in each field.

7) A Black financial aid consultant.

8) The college immediately establish, at its own expense, a Black culture center, and meeting place.

9) Institution of the High Potential Education Program as approved by the Beloit College faculty.

10) Revision of Area Examination to allow Black students to relate the required courses and readings to their cultural and social environment and that these be read and judged by Black professors.

11) Revision of Upper and Under Class Common Course to include sections focused on Blackness.

12) End to harassment by security guards, janitors, receptionists, and other college personnel.

At four o'clock we slowly got out of our little circle of smoke and coffee stains and went over to the chapel (a hell of a place for a conference on revolution) for our first lecture/discussion.

The discussions were led by such men as Lee Lockwood, freelance photographer and friend of Fidel Castro's, Dr. Maurice Zeitlin, friend of Che's and professor of sociology at the U of Wisconsin, Saul Landau, co-author of "New Radicals" and friend of Castro's, Dr. E. Ruiz, professor of Latin American History at Smith College, and author of "Cuba, Making of a Revolution," and Dr. Suarez, professor of government and former member of the Batista and Castro governments.

The lecture started out with the "Social Structure and Social Revolution in Cuba," given by Dr. Zeitlin. In his paper, which will be published in March, by Washington University, Dr. Zeitlin pointed to the revolutionary tradition of Cuba and the social and economic repression that had existed. He went on to say that while things were not perfect in Cuba today, neither were they in any other place in the world.

After the lecture and discussion which lasted about an hour and a half, we fooled around until the reception that night at 8 o'clock. At the reception the speakers and the guest had a chance to interpret what the others had meant.

After the reception we were presented with another more real reception. The reception was for the President of Beloit College, and was put on by about 25 Black students with the aid of about 200 white supporters. The Black students walked up to President Upton's home and demanded that they speak to him on their demands. When they got no response, except the extinguishing of the house lights, they set fire a dummy that they had assembled and gassed. Once the fire was lit they proceeded to read their demands, and then they quietly left, spitting into the fire as they went.

The next day's lecture was "The Cuban Variant in the Communist World," given by Dr. Andres Suarez. I would very much like to comment on the lecture but, in all honesty, I must say I could understand only 20% of what he said and I failed to see any coherence in that.

In the afternoon, Lee Lockwood gave his lecture on "The Role of Castro in the Cuban Re-



Beloit Black students burn Prexy in Effigy

volution." The lecture amounted to an hour of explanation of what was wrong with Castro, and even more so--what was good. The good outweighs the bad. He explained to us that we were getting a distorted picture of what Cuba was like, and he said that the conditions of the country both socially and economically are not as good as they could be, but they are far advanced of what they were under Batista.

That evening we attended a lecture presented by Dr. Ruiz on the "Roots of Revolution". The main thesis of the paper was that the Cuban revolution must be seen in historical perspective and its historical context, that is, the revolution cannot be completely thought to be a product of the present social and political conditions of Cuba, but are also due to Cuba's past social and economic conditions. Halfway through Dr. Ruiz's speech the chapel was filled with the sound of drums. Everyone in the hall turned to see three Black students in African dress coming down the aisle. They quietly walked up to the mike and began reading their demands to the people. However, someone was on the proverbial ball and shut off the mike so that the reader of the demands had to shout to be heard. After reading their demands they quietly walked out of the chapel. Dr. Ruiz then continued as if nothing had happened, explaining afterwards that he was at first upset by the noise but when he saw what it was, he did not mind. He later announced that he supported fully the demands of the Blacks.

Following the lecture several of the Latin American students presented the play, "Trial" by Jose Jesus Martinez translated

into English by a Beloit student, Manuel Cabresa, who was also the principle actor. The play was beautifully translated and performed. Saturday morning Saul Landau, looking like he was getting over a week-long drunk, presented an hour documentary called "Report from Cuba," which is a cutting from 23 hours of film, he took on his four month stay with Castro. It will be seen later this year on National Educational Television. The film dealt with Castro and how he is more humanistic than dictatorial in his use of the power that he has.

That afternoon the multi-purpose room of the library was packed for a lecture on Che' Guevara, which turned out to be a rehash of what can be read in "Ramparts" or in Che's books, "Man and Socialism" or "On Guerilla Warfare."

The conclusion of the conference was a panel discussion among the participants of the convention. The discussion started out as a short statement of what the moderator thought that the lecturers had said. Saul Landau, still suffering from a hangover, swallowed his lifesaver and began commenting on the revolution in America and wondered how we can study revolution in Latin America and yet ignore our own. Landau asked the people if the clapping that they did for the

Black students and their demands was sincere since they seemed to forget about their emotions once they had released them. He went on to say that he hoped that we realize what we have to do and then that we not be restricted from doing it.

The moderator wanted to get away from the subject by asking for a final statement of their papers. Dr. Zeitlin, the first to be asked, said that he was "personally repulsed by the idea of closing the discussion at such a point." A point to which the

Con't. Pg. 14

BUT IF NOTHING HAPPENS, IS IT STILL A HAPPENING?

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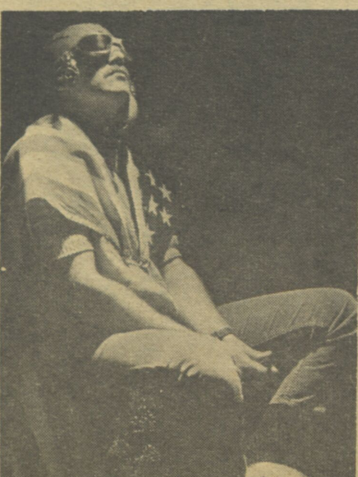
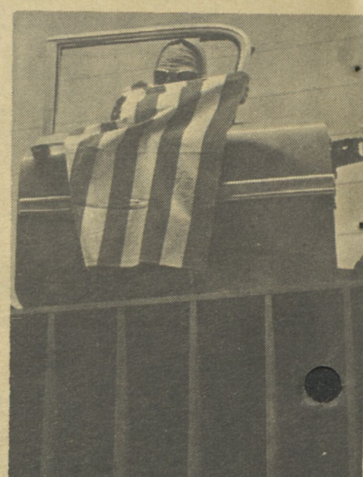
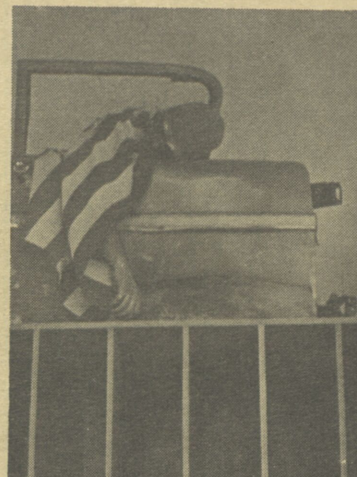
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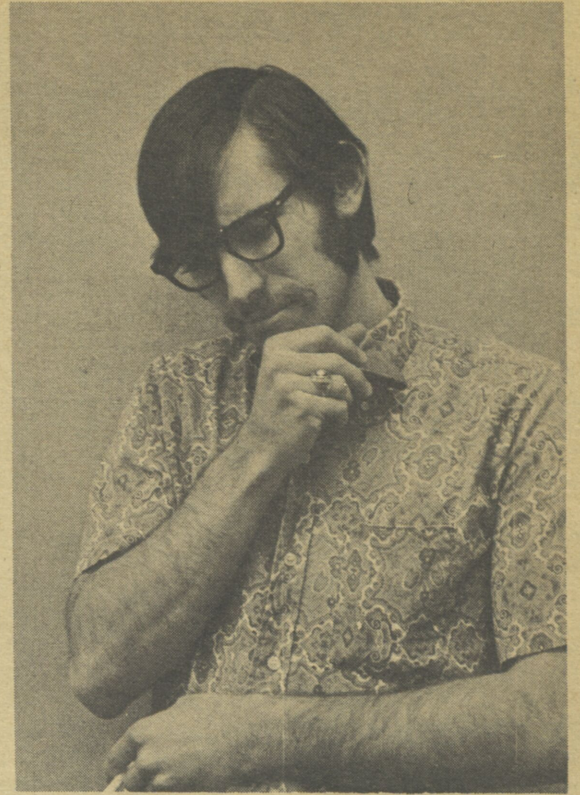
Patriot Man's Girl Friend



Patriot Man's Guards watch over him while he sleeps and rides

*photos
by Miller*





● *LEVI AND THE DUKES OF EARL-Album of the Year*

Appearing Soon

at MSC



Levi and the Dukes of Earl have released their long-awaited first album, a collection of their own songs. Backed by acoustic guitar and harmonica, they perform such favorites as "Surf Angel," "Love is a Four-Day Leash," "Let's Make Love in a Graveyard" and "Humming Your Way Back to Me." Altogether, the album of the year--an experience designed to restore virginity, haircuts, and 3.2 beer.

Dormitory Students Battle Campus Buildings

Pinko communists are thought to be responsible for raids of both girls and boys dorms on campus Tuesday, Feb. 25. Trained cadres of the Neo Natal Corporation were also cited for their involvement in the uprising Tuesday night.

As crowds of students, armed with snowballs surged back and forth outside the Student Union, an administrative dean was seen bravely holding back a condolent smile.

Members of S.D.S. hassled over whether to participate in the most relevant action to take place on this campus. When news reached the busy S.D.S. members of neo masculities defrocking female students in their dorms it was decided that any action would more than likely hamper relations with the Women's Liberation Movement. For this reason Foe Berserk suggested that no action be taken.

Local draft representatives are awaiting informant reports. They said they were ready to implement systematic reprisals, on behalf of the system.

Military officials said that it would be more than happy to have the dissidents drafted for their actions. They said that the spring offensive, in Nam, included disruptive tactics and that such a group that had local experience could be used to better ends. When pressed on specific goals of such action, it was mentioned that the tactics would be aimed at "known" liberation people, mainly women.

Professor Smuck, visiting M.I.T. petagogy, noted that the sublimative drama scene enacted by MSC students and the intended army project have this principle in common. (Smuck is a noted C.I.A. cooperator). "By stealing undergarments and invading private places, in itself, has tendencies to frighten the owners of said objects and places, into prostrating their dignity for fun sake."

When asked what this could mean in terms of the Vietnam front, he said. "The Army takes this type of individual and reverses the fun aspect into a dynamic hate for hate sake tendency". Smuck went on to say that "..... they could then infiltrate a women's privy thus causing deep-rooted anxieties over whether or not they would be sexually mutilated."

The S.E.X.G.I. command groups, I am not at liberty to mention that, could then dupe the women into informing on their menfolk. The threat of having large American Army dicks entering female anal depositories, day after day, would more than likely cause a decrease in collaboration of the women with their less endowed Asian counterparts. (N.L.F.)

The army denied all this, of course. They said they didn't know if Smuck even worked for the C.I.A. One official noted, however, there were abundant untapped American neo masculities who could be used in the counter revolutionary field.

Army chief of staff, Major Prick, had this to say about that. "I don't know about all this counter revolutionary crap but I do know one thing. The chemical warfare section has been working on a proposed sex assault on foreign dissidents." He went on to say, "....That the only other information he could give us was the title of a C.I.A. mockup". "SEXUAL INFESTATION OF EMERGENT WOMEN is the main title and the sub-title is WHITE AMERICA and THE PRICOTOLIS SYNDROME.

Professor Smuck, upon hearing this, suggested that the C.W. section was a little out of its field. "However, as long as I'm making suggestions this might be of some help to the Army. In conjunction with the white man's drive to illegally inseminate non white women, we could use this traditional media, namely, the U.S. stud, as a carrier of offensive chemicals.

When president Dille heard all these rumors of the army, draft and professor Smuck's action, he objected violently. He said that he had not been informed of the college's reprisals, much less any civic or military action. He went on to say, however, that all students with psycho and somatic sexual problems were welcome to visit with him in his office. "The streets and the dormitories are no place for these kinds of manifestations", he said.

Wayne McFarland said he was also interested in talking to this frustrated minority, that he would cooperate with Roland in any action to be taken in dealing with these groups. Wayne also went on to say that Phil Wortgarrd was not as experienced in these matters but felt that he would have plenty of time to learn.

Moorhead police were not called out because dean Pepper had previous knowledge of the intended action and had informed the department that the action was all in fun. When questioned about unlawful assembly he only laughed and reminisced about a carp he swallowed back in the depression days. When asked if he got indigestion, he stated, "It was the best piece of fish I had eaten in a long time.....ha ha".

by Tom Hilber

"If there is one among you who is without guilt, let him step forward," cried the prophet. As the world divided in two, all the citizens stepped forward. The move was not in anger. It was an instinctive drive to kill the unkept, hairy beast that crossed their pleased path. It was a move to kill the body, that housed the voice, that dared to ask a question. They all moved forward. They all killed him, and each took a piece of the body. All had Beneficial Life and their collective democratic action stopped the insecurities which no one could underwrite.

No one notices the young man who had come upon the scene. He moved to the spot where the now dismembered man had stood. A swarm of hungry flies picked up a discarded piece of plaster and wrote the last words of the prophet on the cool black asphalt. A former guilt sprang to his mind. The guilt of his comrades' deed over-powered him. He cried out to no one and experienced his singular self. The hairy, black flies placed the chalk in his calloused hand. He began writing the question all over a cathedral's proud building blocks. People threw him coins.

His beautiful clothes had now turned to rags. His once-shaven face was a nest of small winged creatures. He had not spoke for months. His hand was too tired to push the plaster tool. He wet his parched mouth. He raised to his full height and in a loud voice cried out, "ahhh, ahhh." Soon a crowd had gathered and the words of the prophet crawled up his burly arm. It entered his head through the cavity in his ear. The moment it reached his mind the words formed on his lips.

"If there is one among you who is without guilt let him step forward." The crowd surged upon him and tore out his tongue so he could not speak. They castrated his private part so he could not breed. They programmed his

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A Man on a Cart

mind so he could not think. They put his body on a cart and spat on the bloody carcass. A speaker was wired into his prebirthish mind. As his hands moved the cart along a blaring sound blurred out, "If you set high standard for yourself and seek a solid fortune we want to talk to you. Useful work, real problems, meaningful objectives -- now is the time to find out more about this commitment to public service through the growing role of communication." The cart rolled into a local communications business office.

The young business manager called the janitor. The janitor mopped up the blood. The man on the cart rolled into a corner where they both began to gather dust. Soon the busy manager was hanging his hat on it. Then one day the man on the cart very weakly cried out, ".....without guilt, are you without..... guilt". The manager called the sanitation department. They took the holy bulk with it's cart to the dump.

There was a sculptor who had his shop near the junk pile. Everyday his calloused hands picked through the newest pile of filth. The artist, of little reknown, ripped the cart from the rotten hulks that were once legs. The sculptor placed a large piece of sandstone on the cart.

The next day the artist propped the rotten corpse up against his shed and with a large bushhammer turned the stone to powder. The demon's breath blew it towards the south. An opposing angel, stronger than he, blew it towards the north. The rains came and washed it to the sea. Man on a Cart. 1969.

Concert

The Moorhead State College Varsity Choir, under the direction of James Christianson, will present a benefit concert Sunday, March 9, at 8 p.m. in the C.A. Auditorium. Proceeds will go to the Project E-Quality Fund for next year.

Admission to the concert will be by programs, which are on sale in the Comstock Memorial Union. Prices are 50¢ for students, \$1.00 for other adults, and \$1.50 for adult couples.

One learns to read between the pages of a look.

-Grace Slick

"They are all a lost generation."

--Gertrude Stein

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Are Fine Arts Worth It?

by Greg H. Olson

An experience for many students on campus is the exposure to "the Fine Art". By that I mean the required viewing of guests artists brought here to perform etc. Mind you, it isn't a burning issue, but I've heard students grumbling ever since I've attended these hallowed halls of higher education. When I had Humanities, they were grumbling about attendance regulations, multiple guess tests, and poor and boring teachers. Some students go vehement and wrote letters to the MISTIC expressing disapproval of the Humanities program, and let us not forget the price of books. These dissatisfied students couldn't wait to finish the class so that they could "dump" their books on the poor freshmen who would have to put up with the class next year. They saw no value in the books, or for that matter, in the class itself. Only the faculty outflanks them and changes the textbooks. I can sympathize with the grumbles about the high cost of books, but I differ when they claim there's no value in the course itself.

The Series for the Performing Arts brings in artists, plays, etc., to the campus in order to broaden our education. These shows cost relatively little for the student, yet are very poorly attended. In fact the community sometimes outnumbers the students. Two years ago, Eileen Farrell, the great Met soprano performed on this campus. The house was half full. The students could have gotten in for half price to her performance, but few showed up. Other artists have fared better, and it is heartening to see increasing crowds attending the series.

The lack of adequate funds needed to bring top name artists on

this campus is, in my opinion, one major reason for lack of attendance. Only recently have top names been attracted here to perform (Carlos Montoya, Odetta). Another reason is that MSC has had a rather "negative" name as far as crowds go -- they don't come.

Another fine art media that I have heard criticized is the Theatre Department. Some criticize it as being too commercial; a community pleaser rather than appealing to the "intellectual minds" of this campus. Some have personal dislikes for the director etc. One difficulty in presenting quality plays is the audience acceptance which is very important to the department in terms of revenue. The old cliché "You can't please everyone" certainly holds true in this case.

Some have even said that they're afraid of putting on difficult plays because they don't have the talent. That, as those of you who frequent the theatre know, isn't true. The talent is there, but an important play that isn't too well known, will not draw.

Further, variety is important to appeal to all types of theatre goers. The quality of the plays has always been extremely high (MOTHER COURAGE, ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN, MARATSADE, STAR SPANGLED GIRL, THE LION IN WINTER,) and variety is indeed a rule.

It's easy for people to gripe about art, that is where there is the greatest range of views. People can snicker at it, enjoy and appreciate it, or just plain ignore it.

I would imagine that you are wondering why I'm writing this or what the point I'm trying to make is.

The point is that the "fine arts", per se, are very much worth it; the students aren't worth the effort that the people involved in the productions, etc. put out. There is the old standby apathy, but also ignorance of what good music is, or what art is all about. People say "what do we need this for," or "what good is this going to do me"? But, they don't give it a chance, or they have strange ideas about it. Narrowmindedness is also bad. I don't like all

types of music, art, or theatre myself, but I at least allow myself to see or hear if I like it, not shrug it off to listen to bubble gum rock. Are some of you afraid of getting educated?

The fine arts are worth it. All have value, at least to me, because they make me think, appreciate, and enjoy them. It gives me a broader outlook, outside of this isolated area, and affords me a tremendous education outside of the classroom.

Rock Guide from page 6

JEFF BECK - for being one the Yardbirds alumni.

JOHNNY WINTER - for a cross-eyed albino, he sure made Mike Bloomfield stare.

CREAM-although no one can dig them in person anymore, their magnificence will be carried on tapes for a long, long time. The next, for the most part, are OUT:

THE IRON BUTTERFLY - because the straights consider "In-a-Gadda-daaa-Vida" the epitome of "hard rock".

THE DOORS - for they are now backed by an orchestra, and Morrison has gotten unbelievably pretentious.

THE STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK- for getting busted when they should have been practicing music.

THE VANILLA FUDGE

ERIC BURDON - for widely proclaiming he knows where it's at, but the only trouble was that no one was listening.

THE MOBY GRAPE - for being the biggest hype in the history of rock.

THE 1910 FRUITGUM CO., OHIO EXPRESS, and groups of similar ilk.

THE BEE GEES - because they originated from Australia, and I don't dig Australians.

MUDDY WATERS - for even conceding to record "Electric Mud", which tries to make the electric blues scene, and does not even come close.

THE BLUE CHEER - like the name, they should be dropped.

"Life is the ability to create one's own hell."

--Mark Johnson

Faculty Evaluation from page 1

calling for the proposal to be returned to the committee for further research and study. The committee, according to Dr. Thomsen's motion, is to work to prepare a more acceptable form and procedures that will permit students to evaluate their winter quarter instructors and professors when they pre-register in spring quarter for fall 1969 classes.

The vote on Dr. Thomsen's motion was 4 to 3 in favor, with three of the 10 voting senators present abstaining. Two major reasons Dr. Thomsen, a member of the 6-man committee, gave in support of his motion were the man hours that would be required to fill out the lengthy evaluation form proposed and the possibly serious confrontations that might develop between some faculty members and the administration over an experimental student evaluation using this form. He added that he does not believe the 6-man committee is at all through with its basic work of devising a student evaluation system.

The form, prepared by Eduscan Associates of Columbus, Ohio, contains 48 statements that students would indicate they "agree with strongly," merely "agree" with, "disagree" with, "strongly disagree" with or believe are not applicable.

Miss Laurian Seeber, assistant professor of English, criticized the form because of its length and the class time it would take to fill out, because its scales are not additive, because many of its statements are not highly relevant in many types of classes and because "it looks scientific ... but actually has no scientific validity at all."

She proposed two simpler alternatives at the Faculty Senate meeting, both of which received support in the audience of some 25 faculty members and from some senators but neither of which were proposed in motion form for Senate action. One of the alternatives is a 6-question form used recently in the Mathematics Department that is short, unpretentious and has additive scales. The second proposal would be to let students grade their instructors on computer cards that could be tabulated for use by administrators in helping them evaluate instructors and professors and couple the use of

these cards with asking students to anonymously evaluate their instructors in writing to help them improve their instruction.

Miss Seeber was strongly supported by Senator Dr. Thomas Collins, associate professor of biology; Senator Dr. Genevieve King, biology professor, and Max Roesler, assistant professor of philosophy.

Dr. Robert Hanson, academic dean and ex officio Senate member, spoke strongly of the value student evaluations would be to him in providing another measurement he could use in evaluating faculty and he urged that a trial program be launched this quarter. Student Senator Ken Nelson, chairman of the committee, agreed with Dr. Hanson, also a committee member, that the long form proposed is not the best but urged, "I think we have to make a start."

Asked to speak professionally about the proposed long form, Senator Dr. James Condell, chairman of the Psychology Department, said there are empirical tests that can be applied to test each question in such a form, a discrimination index and a coefficient of correlation, but he added that some decisions have to be made first about the validity of each question. Later, he said there is no such thing as a completely successful evaluation form but noted that better judgments are made when there are greater numbers and varieties of evaluations made.

Dr. Condell suggested at one point there might be value in having the administration, department heads and Advisory Committee on Faculty Assignments agree on specific numerical values to give student evaluations of faculty.

Dr. Herbert Abraham, professor of education, suggested that, if the committee is anxious for a trial run of student evaluations, that they be carried out in certain small groups this quarter on an experimental basis but that faculty not be subjected to having their jobs and salaries determined this spring on the basis of evaluations, that are conducted as part of an experimental program.

Speaking of Dr. Thomsen's motion to return the whole matter to the committee, Vincent DiPasquale, director of the 5th Year Program, urged the committee to hold some open hearings to benefit from the contributions he said some faculty members might be able to make and, also, to give more faculty members a chance to gain an understanding of the problems involved.

Dr. Eugene Philipps, chairman of the Economics Department and chairman of the CC&I, said he disagreed strongly with the actions taken by CC&I members of their meeting Feb. 25.

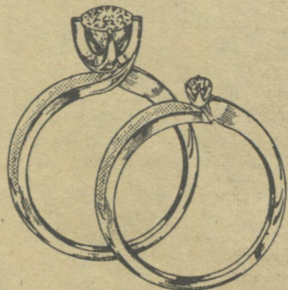
With 11 voting members of the CC&I present, this body approved the committee recommendation that copies of the evaluation summary for each class be given the instructor, the department chairman and the academic dean after defeating an amendment by Dr.

"They are a lost generation."
--Gertrude Stein

Dr. Robert Heger will be interviewing in your campus placement office on March 12. Contact your placement office for an appointment.



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Fiction: Death on the Prairie

by Jerome Clark

When I die

Take my saddle from the wall

Put it on my pony

Lead him out of the stall

Put my bones on his back

And turn our faces to the west

And we'll ride the prairie

That we love the best.

--"I Ride an Old Paint"

And it's true just as sure

as you're born

Every educated fella ain't a

plumb greenhorn.

--"The Zebra Dun"

It was 3 a.m. on a Saturday and the artist lay in bed depressed as usual. He had taken four tranquilizers and wanted now to sleep, but instead rolled uneasily, thinking of the girl he had lost and still loved.

The subject had been on his mind for two months, ever since the day she had called him and abruptly, without warning, terminated what he had conceived, with uncharacteristic abandon, as his sole reason for living. This month she was marrying a fellow the artist considered decidedly inferior to himself, which made the fellow quite inferior indeed, since the artist did not have a very high opinion of himself.

Now the artist was slipping quietly into insanity. He had developed neurotic fears, one of them a terror of distance, to the extent that he could not walk upstairs to the bathroom, he could not stroll over to the campus only a block away, without suspecting that great changes -- all of them aimed at his destruction -- were occurring in his absence. Stranded in distance, he could most easily be crushed by the forces of what he knew to be a hostile universe.

Nor could the artist stand to be alone. He always saw to it that he was in the company of at least one friend, and this weekend, his roommates gone to Wisconsin to a conference on Latin American revolution, he had brought home with him a friend from New Zealand, who rested in the next bed reading a rock and roll magazine.

The artist had nearly fallen asleep when he heard his phone ring. He looked up, startled, at his friend from New Zealand, who, too, thought he had not heard right.

"Who the hell would call at three o'clock in the morning?" the artist asked. It was a rhetorical question.

He stumbled across the floor in ballet fashion, pirouetting clumsily over the records,

clothes, books and papers that cluttered the floor around his bed, stumbled by the door and grabbed onto the telephone receiver to support himself.

"Hello," he said.

It was a girl's voice. She asked who was speaking. When he told her, she said, "I'm here alone tonight and I'm feeling sort of lonesome. My roommate went home this weekend and there's just no one around. Are you there by yourself?"

"Yes," the artist lied.

"Is it all right if I come over?"

"Yeah," he said. He added, rather as an afterthought, "Who is this?"

She said a name. It was one that he recognized only a bit more than slightly. He had met her the week before on a night when he was both stoned and drunk, as he had floated across the room at a party held at his place, and with passing interest he had observed her moving from man to man, flattering and arousing each before fluttering away to tempt another. Finally she had promised one that she would sleep with him, but when that one had gone upstairs to the bathroom, she disappeared with someone else.

"I'll be right over, okay?"

"Okay," the artist said, this time with a trace of uncertainty in his tone.

His friend from New Zealand asked him what that was all about.

"God, I'm not sure." The artist shook his head. "It was a broad. She says she's coming over."

His friend from New Zealand leered. "You know what that means, don't you? Man, talk about luck!"

"I don't know."

The artist stepped into the living room and put on his blue jeans, his vest, and his cowboy boots and then he lit a Pall Mall. He combed his long hair carefully.

"Jesus Christ, man," his friend from New Zealand, who had just come from out of the bedroom, insisted. "Maybe this means your luck is finally starting to change."

"Yeah, maybe it does," the artist agreed, but he doubted it. He jammed his cigarette into his mouth and puffed smoke de-

fiantly at the stairs that she would soon be descending.

Not more than two minutes later he heard the door opening and he watched her legs and her waist and her breasts and finally her head as they made their way gracefully, one step at a time, into his presence.

"Hi," she said. She smiled.

She was an Indian. Her hair was long, hanging on her shoulders, shining, and her skin was a gleaming bronze, unblemished, and her face was bony but fine, and her eyes were large, deep and brown.

She slipped out of her coat. The artist retrieved it and laid it over the chair where his jeans had lain. He turned around and returned her smile; only his was weary and wary.

"Won't you sit down?" he suggested.

She came over to him. "Maybe we could make some popcorn?"

They made some popcorn. He introduced her to his friend from New Zealand.

"I thought you said you were alone."

"Yeah, well, I thought you meant did I have a girl here."

They sat down on the couch.

The artist said little, feeling more comfortable letting her talk.

She wanted to know if she were bothering him. "No, not at all, really," he assured her, his voice weary, drawling. He started on another cigarette.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Huh?" he said.

"If I'm bothering you."

"You're not bothering me."

"Are you sure I'm not bothering you?"

"Yes, I'm sure you're not bothering me." This time he sounded annoyed.

"I'm sorry."

"What?"

"I'm sorry I annoyed you."

"You --" Hastily he changed the subject to movies. He asked her if she liked westerns. She hated them. He loved them -- his favorite kind of movie. The Old West used to obsess him. He'd read all kinds of books about cowboys and outlaws and the Indian wars. He had even had an article published in REAL WEST once. Sometimes he still wished he were a cowboy, but he had become a writer instead.

They drank beer for a while, and he listened as she talked about herself. She had grown up on a reservation. Her father was a minister, a big man who had decent instincts but whose size terrified people. She had lived in California, where she had met a rich young man and taken up residence with him, and then they had parted under circumstances that she described only vaguely.

"I can't stand to hurt anybody," she concluded.

"I'll never let anyone hurt me again," he concluded. Silence followed.

"Are we going to sleep together?" she asked, at last.

"I guess so." He dreaded having to make love to her.

She disappeared into the bedroom -- the one in which his friend from New Zealand was lying.

"Let's sleep here," she said, pointing to the artist's bed.

"Well -- I mean, my friend from New Zealand is here. Why don't we go into the other bedroom? We'll be alone there."

"Why do we have to be alone?" She seemed genuinely puzzled.

"Because -- uh, you --"

"Tell you what," his friend from New Zealand offered. "I'll go into the other bedroom."

"Why?" she wanted to know. The artist's mouth hung open.

"Don't you want to sleep with me?" she asked.

The artist nodded.

"Maybe I should go home," she said.

"You don't have to do that," the artist said, not certain why he had. He couldn't speak any longer.

"What are you thinking?"

"I'm trying to, um."

"You mean you thought we were going to -- oh no, that's not what I meant."

"Oh."

"No, I just like to sleep with people."

The artist was numb. "You just like to sleep with people," he intoned.

"I'm sorry."

The artist took off his glasses.

"All my friends think I'm a whore," she went on, "because they think that when I sleep with men I'm making love to them."

"I don't know," the artist said, "why they should think that."

"I'd rather sleep in the other bedroom, really, if you don't mind," said his friend from New Zealand before he dashed out of the room.

"Do you have pajamas?" she asked him. "You can wear the bottoms and I'll wear the tops." She proceeded to undress.

A minute or two later they lay together. She asked him what he liked to do. The artist told her that he was writing a novel. He offered to read her an excerpt from it.

Afterwards she said, "Why do you write?"

"Because it's the only way I have of coming out on top."

"I don't understand."

"Everybody tries to screw you over --"

Con't. on Page 13

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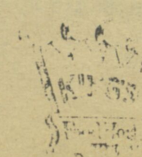
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Death from Pg. 12

"That isn't true. I never hurt anybody."

"Well, it doesn't matter what you mean. It matters what you do."

"Do you think I hurt people?" The artist hesitated. "Yes, I think you do."

"Who?"

He mentioned a couple of names. Before she could interrupt him any further, he said, "That's why I'm a writer. Because no matter what people do to me, I can write about it, and that way I can't help beating them at their game. Because there's no way anybody can win over art."

"You're strange."

"Oh I don't know. Like, maybe sometime I'll write about you."

She appeared concerned. "You wouldn't write anything bad about me, would you?"

"No, because I like you."

"That's good."

They went to sleep.

He heard a knocking faraway. He crawled out of bed and made his way halfway across the living room floor before calling out, "Yes?"

An old woman wearing round eyeglasses came down the stairs. She did not blink at the fact that he stood clothed only in pajama bottoms.

"I'm from the Watchtower Society," she explained and offered him some pamphlets about what was happening to young people nowadays. It was all for a dime, he was too tired to argue, and he went back to the bedroom to get his billfold.

The Indian girl was awake. "Where are my pants?" he said to her.

"They're on the chair out there."

He went back and pulled out his billfold and gave her a dime.

"You're a married man, I take it," she said.

"No," he said.

Again she did not even blink.

It was late in the afternoon. He could sleep no longer and he lit a cigarette. She felt him stirring and her eyes watched him.

"Why do you smoke that brand?"

"Haven't you ever seen the backs of novels -- you know, where the writer is sitting there in his study smoking? It's always -- at least with the best writers -- unfiltered cigarettes. That's why I smoke unfiltered cigarettes."

She questioned him no more.

A few minutes later his friend from New Zealand stepped in to inform them that he was leaving. When he had gone, the artist sat for a while knowing that he should go out and buy some food. Her stomach was growling and she kept apologizing.

He apologized in his turn. "I'm afraid of the distance between here and the store." It was only a block, but he was afraid to leave. He continued to smoke and listen to the records he had put on. Finally he went upstairs and washed.

He returned with bacon and eggs, after making the trip to the store as rapidly as he could.

As he entered the living room and saw her clothes on the chair, he realized that for the first time in a long time he was feeling rather happy, somehow content, somehow as if his soul were beginning to thaw after a long freeze.

They fixed the meal together, chatting freely and laughing. She told him that he should eat more because he was so skinny and he said that all writers had to look lean and hungry and never too healthy.

There was the matter of the party that night. He did not want to take her. Even feeling better as he did now, he could not trust her and he had no desire to have her shatter his fantasies of the moment. He was terrified of having to be so horribly alone again, yet he could not stand the thought of bitterness between them.

He refrained from mentioning the party. She did not, however. She suggested that they get drunk together and then go there. Passively, with forced enthusiasm, he agreed. First, though, she would have to go back to the dormitory to shower, change clothes and put on make-up.

He walked her back. It was now early evening and he went to the newspaper office in the union building. One of his roommates was editor of the paper and so the artist spent most of his waking hours there, mostly observing and waiting impatiently for "something good to happen" to him. But it never did.

His brother was there. They began to talk. He related the story of the Indian girl, and his brother shook his head. "God, watch out for her. She'll never leave the party with you."

"Yeah, I know," the artist said glumly. He got very depressed.

Within the hour she called him. He picked her up, noting with passing sadness that this was the same place where he used to pick up the girl he had loved and lost. It seemed like a grim ironic joke, the whole business. How much longer would she be with him? Loneliness again would be more than he could bear.

At his place they drank beer. The artist said little.

"I'm not boring you, am I?" she asked him.

He looked down at his cowboy boots and denied that she was boring him.

"I really like you, you know," she said. "I enjoy your company very much. You're so interesting. You have a great mind and you're very unique."

"I like you, too," he muttered and she grabbed him around the neck, pulled him to her and kissed him.

He felt ridiculous. He also felt good. Now, suddenly the girl who had obsessed him for the past two months slipped out of his memory and for a time was no more important. It was as if he had been released.

The distance to the party was immense. It would be miles and

miles. On their way there they would be passing through vast stretches, huge, dark distances, and at the very end there would be light but not salvation. The artist was grateful that he was fairly drunk.

At the party he took her upstairs and they took off their coats. She held onto his hand and led him down into the milling, noisy crowd below. He realized that he was selfconscious about being seen with her, for he was sure almost everyone there knew what she was like.

While she still held his hand, she kissed someone else hungrily on the lips. The artist was not angry, only disappointed that she had done exactly what he feared she would do, and he grabbed her by the back of her long beautiful hair and yanked her head back.

She demanded to know why he had done that. He did not answer her because he understood that there could be no answer from him.

"Alan and I are just friends," she explained. "I want to circulate among the people here, but please don't worry. You know I'll leave the party with you."

"I don't believe you," the artist replied and left for the kitchen to finish his last beer. He was especially depressed. That, he knew, would come later.

In the kitchen he met a white girl. She pointed out into the living room and said, "Did you come with HER?" The Indian girl was dancing with the man she had been kissing.

"Yeah," the artist sighed.

"Wow," she said. "She's a first-class bitch. I hope you don't let her hurt you."

"She won't. I didn't come to the party expecting to take her home." But of course he had hoped, which he did not bother to mention.

He downed his beer. He stood tall, then bent down to light a cigarette and suddenly grew strong and breathed in the smoke and the liquor and the dust and the noise. He hitched his fingers in his belt and then wiped his fingers on his vest. He strolled across the room and heard his cowboy boots echoing on the floor above the party sounds. Behind him he heard a drunken black screaming, "You wanna help us. You REALLY wanna help us? Then give us guns! GIVE US GUNS!"

(It was a cold night on the prairie.)

When she came up to him now, saying, "What's wrong? You KNOW I'm going home with you," he ignored her. She reached into his vest for her cigarettes and he was scarcely aware of her presence, and her words meant

nothing to him. He was listening to something else, something beyond the crowded little house, something beyond the confines of the campus and the community. He was reaching out past space and time to sense the world dissolving and in its place was another vision.

(He was alone on the prairie in the darkness. He was on horseback and strapped across his back was his banjo. He sang to himself the old songs of the range and the prairie and life and love and death and he listened to the wind blowing across the open expanse.)

Then, some time later, he spoke. Alan had come in with apologies. "I suppose you hate me. She says she wants to sleep with me."

The cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth, the smoke curling up into his eye, the artist said, "I got no quarrel with you."

In a few minutes the Indian girl approached him and touched the back of his hand. "I want to go home with you," she said. He did not see her.

The smoke curled, rising to the ceiling.

"We're going to sleep together, aren't we?" and she looked at him closely and he did not reply.

Later, in a corner of the kitchen, the artist told Alan and the white girl, "We're going to my place. We're leaving her here. She can fend quite well for herself."

Alan wrung his hands. "Gee, I don't know --"

"Let's compromise," said the white girl, who was a former student senator. "We'll take her to the dorm."

The artist rolled his cigarette in his fingers and was thoughtful for a moment. "Yeah," he said.

The four of them passed through the room, out the door, into the car. The Indian girl was upset, uncertain. She walked close to the artist, afraid to watch him, keeping her eyes focussed on Alan, who was far ahead of them.

(There was fear on the prairie. Death stalked the rider and he sensed it creeping. Hunching his back, he leaned forward in the saddle and stopped singing.)

He opened the door for her. She crawled in beside him. He sat down and said, "To the dorm."

The car rolled out into the street. The driver turned and they were on the highway, at the stoplights, and they turned again.

The Indian girl said to drop her and the artist off at his place.

Con't. on Pg. 14

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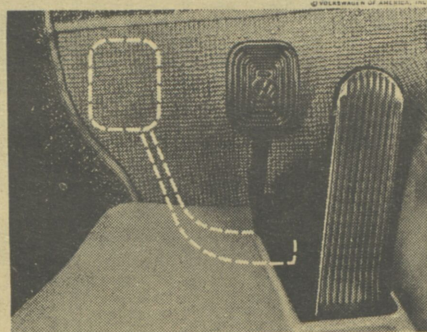
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CLOSED MONDAY

Death from page 13

"We're going to the dorm," he said.

"I left my purse there."
"I'll get it."

They stopped. The artist got out and went inside.

(He saw a light on the prairie.)

He couldn't find it. He looked for five minutes. He would have to go back and get her. He opened the door.

There she stood.

"I know where it is," she said. She disappeared behind him.

He waited outside.

(The rider listened.)

She returned. She faced him. "What's wrong? Tell me what's wrong."

The cowboy's expression changed only slightly. "You mean you don't know?"

"No, no, I don't understand. What's bothering you?"

"You really don't understand, do you?"

"All I want to do is stay with you tonight."

"I don't want to stay with you. Let's go."

She yelled his name. He stopped.

"Please!"

"I'm going back to the car."

She grabbed him, pushed him back. "I want to be with you."

The cowboy's voice rose. "Jesus Christ, I said get the hell out of here! I don't want to be with you. You're a real drag, I don't enjoy your company, you bore the hell out of me. Now let's get back to the car."

She grabbed him again. "Why do you hate me? I want you to make love to me. All I want is to be with you tonight. Please!"
"They're waiting for us. Come on."

She held onto him. "I'm sorry!"

"I don't give a damn."

"Please forgive me!"

He pushed her aside and left her.

"I'll go home alone," she said. "I don't want to be with those people."

Halfway to the car he glanced over his shoulder. She was standing alone by the door.

The cowboy turned. He dreaded the distance between himself and the car.

(The rider fell dead on the prairie ground.)

Norgaard from page 1

Clark: Does genocide have a place in the free exchange of ideas?

Norrsgard: It wouldn't be a free exchange of ideas if it weren't. If genocide is a philosophy, it should be allowed.

Clark: What if it isn't just a philosophy but a fact? Take the napalming of villages in Vietnam. The military and the Dow Chemical Company, both of which recruit freely on this campus, are responsible for atrocities that rank with those of Hitler, it would seem to me.

Norrsgard: You have to know about a disease before you can get rid of it.

Clark: Do you mean to tell me that the military and Dow Chemical are going to come on campus and openly advocate genocide? Do you think that, in playing their part in the free exchange of ideas, they're going to tell us about the babies they've barbecued?

Norrsgard: A man paying taxes is just as guilty as the recruiter.

Look, if someone was in power and wanted to kick SDS off campus, he could destroy it. He could do it all on the pretext -- or he might actually be sincere -- that he had to do it on moral grounds.

Clark: That would make the whole concept of moral choice, upon which we base so much of western civilization, ridiculous. The simple fact is that SDS doesn't burn villages and the military does.

Norrsgard: Why should colleges have to make moral choices? In fact, they do -- like on the Student Conduct Committee.

Clark: Then the school does make moral judgments. If it makes judgments on individual students, why does it refuse to make them on society?

Norrsgard: Well, I guess it should.

Clark: How can the college possibly justify NOT making a moral judgment on society?

Norrsgard (after a long pause): I don't know.

McFarland from page 1

the administration's decision forbidding them to smash up a car in the circle.

In the coming year Wayne expects an even more active and unified senate. He is looking

forward to a "crystalization" of the senate into the college's power structure. Unlike many students Wayne does not fear that the senate will regress into what he calls an "old conservative senate," but that the new senate will continue to work for student rights.

Wayne finds that Greeks are beginning to realize that they are a minority of students on campus and are responding accordingly.

Wayne is glad to see senators relating general student government philosophy to particular issues. He finds it most dangerous that the college administration has absolute power in many areas of student life. "Power should be shared by the administration, faculty and students," Wayne said.

The only advice Wayne can give you poor things newly elected to the senate is that you avoid getting involved in insignificant issues, neglecting the important role you must play on this campus. He feels that if a confrontation must occur between the established powers on campus and the students that it should, at least, be over an issue worthy of your time.

It might not be the place for sentiment, but I find it necessary at this point to congratulate Wayne on a job that I feel he performed better than we could have hoped he would. As far as I'm concerned, Wayne was not always right, but let's face it students, Wayne was our first Student Senate President.

Mathis from page 1

Subsequently, his concert activities expanded steadily. In this country, he had performed from coast to coast. His spring season 1966 was highlighted by an appearance on the Telephone Hour. He has also been appointed Visiting Professor of Piano at the University of Oklahoma in Norman, Okla.

In Europe, he has concertized Germany, Austria, Italy, England and Holland. During 1958 and 1960, he toured Brazil and Venezuela.

Cuba from page 7

vast majority of students agreed by showing a great round of applause. The moderator allowed the discussion to continue for about 10 minutes, when he said that he felt that the official convocation could be closed and the informal discussion that we were having could continue. With the meeting closed, over 80% of the students got up and left. THIS WAS THEIR COMMITMENT!! I give a point to Sau Landau for his observation.

STUDENT RECITAL: the public is invited to attend a recital sponsored by the MSC music department.

Orchestra To Play

The Moorhead State College Orchestra Trio will present an evening of chamber music in the Center for the Arts Recital Hall Tuesday, March 11 at 8 p.m. Members of the student trio are Cathy Grant, flute; J. Mark Hopmann, cello; and Bruce Ferden, piano.

The trio is coached by Stanley Atkins, cellist with the Minnesota Orchestra and a part-time MSC faculty member. Compositions to be performed include works by Bach, Handel, Ltti, Haydn and Weber.

The trio, formed at the beginning of winter quarter, has performed at St. John's University and in Sauk Centre, Minn. The trio also attended the String Quartet Festival at Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minn. last weekend.

Admission to the concert is free.



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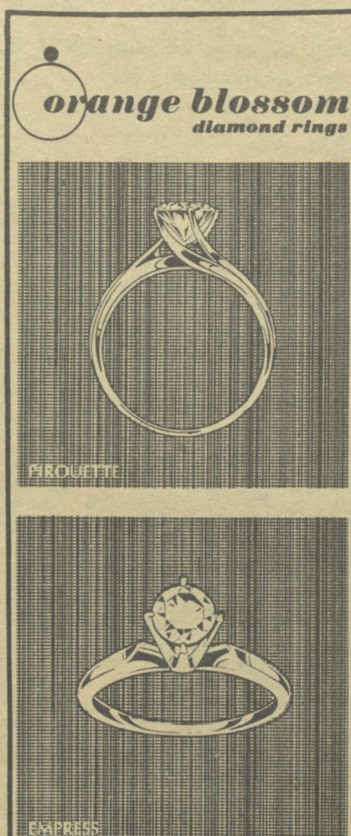
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Faculty Senate from page 11

Sol Shulman, chairman of the Chemistry Department, that would have limited the summary to department chairmen only. By an 8 to 3 vote, members defeated a proposal by students that the evaluation summaries be placed on file so students would have access to them.

A second motion by Dr. Shulman making it mandatory for at least 75 percent of a class enrollment to participate in any evaluation before it could be counted was passed.

Also passed was a motion for the committee's form to be used on a trial basis this quarter only, then reviewed by the student-faculty committee which would be required to report further on the form to the CC&I before more evaluations were tried.

A motion by Dr. Irwin Sonenfield, professor of music, was passed requiring each student to sign his evaluation card but was rendered meaningless moments later when an amendment to this amendment was also passed stating no instructor would be permitted to see course evaluations cards after they were signed.

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Student Senator George Schatz, Fargo sophomore, made this successful amendment to the amendment.

Dr. Sonenfield argued, "The students are asking us to trust their objectivity in filling out forms that will have a great influence on our pay, tenure and so forth and they should have enough faith in us that we will use the results of these evaluations essentially to help us improve our teaching."

Dr. Shulman said, as a department chairman, he would not like to see the form proposed by the committee used on members of his faculty. "In almost any course, some of the material is hard, some of it easy, some of it dull and some of it interesting....Any instructor can win a popularity contest with his students by playing his cards right but this will not give his students the background they need," he added. "How the result of such evaluations will be used or abused (by department chairmen and others who evaluate faculty) I don't know."

Several faculty seconded Dr. Bradley Bremer's complaint that the committee's proposed form holds little information than an instructor or professor could use in trying to improve his instruction.

Miss Evelyn Swenson, chairman of Library Science, raised two questions about the students' drive to have the summary results from each class made available to them. She noted MSC is not such a large college that students have a wide range of choice in picking instructors their peers may feel are the best when they

are hemmed in by general studies requirements and requirements of major fields.

She also asked whether making the results available to students would not also make them available to all members of the faculty. Dr. Robert Hanson agreed, stating it would be difficult to keep results open to 5,000 students from being public information. He noted this might lead, also, to a number of lawsuits.

"The main purpose of any faculty evaluation is to improve the quality of instruction and I do not believe making these results available to the students really helps this purpose," said Dr. Frank Kendrick, associate professor of political science.

James Stevens, chairman of the Foreign Language Department, asked if a tenured faculty member who refuses to participate in such an evaluation program that is placed in effect would be dismissed automatically. Dr. Hanson said he could not answer this question at this time.

Spot from page 3

Freedom is the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, of course, as variety is the spice of life.

For a brief moment, apathy gasped for breath as an enlightened Dick Gregory spoke to an overflowing crowd at the CA auditorium. He told the young and the not so young, that we have a hell of a mess to clean up; a legacy from our elders. He's right.

Phil's the new Student Senate President. Oh Wow.(!)

A group of five journeyed from limbo to Olympus, and somehow, for some reason, returned to limbo. The select group (?) attended a symposium on the Cuban Revolution at Beloit College, Beloit, Wisc. It is sad to say that the Cubans under Fidel enjoy more freedom than the local natives under God.

Ten hours, ten weeks, ten years, a lifetime...in limbo its all the same.

Tobe Bjorland/Alf Ben Bjorn

Things from page 5

sexes, political parties, (especially) individuals, all groups; the world will drown in a meaningless negotiation, isolationism, war.

Either the entire world must evolve towards unity or the world must evolve towards anarchy if there is to be any future. (At least with anarchy the destruction will be slower than with the present system.)

Sandhya's a flower child!

Last quarter several people wanted to name a dormitory after Malcolm X. They were in fact quite vigorous in their attempt to so "Educate" us. Somehow, however, this lost their interest and they're off to bigger and better things. Before, I stated that I couldn't question their motives, only their wisdom. Now I must question both.

In the future, persevere. Name whatever you like after whomever you like. By all means educate us in whatever way you can, we need it. But do it with sincerity.

More Unimportant Things--

If I were the almighty Christian god the following people would proceed to hell:

- a)-----
- b)-----
- c) everyone I've met so far (except one).
- d) everyone I'll ever meet, likely.
- e) everyone I haven't met and never will.
- f) Millam, who isn't even people.
- g) me.

(This way, nothing would change; except one.)

Last Thing--

My things are gone. Thus my "farewell" in words of Desiderius Erasmus.

"But indeed I have long since forgotten who I am and have run out of bounds." If anything I have said seems sharp or gossipy, remember that it is Folly

and a woman who has spoken. At the same time remember the Greek proverb, "Even a foolish man will often speak a word in season." Or perhaps you think that does not hold for women? I see that you are expecting a peroration, but you are certainly foolish if you think that I can remember any part of such a hodgepodge of words as I have poured out. There is an old saying, 'I hate a drinking companion with a memory.' Here is a new one, 'I hate an audience that remembers anything.'

"And so farewell. Applaud, live, drink, most distinguished worshippers of Folly."

Sinfonian & SAI Concert

The Phi Mu Alpha Professional Music Fraternity and Sigma Alpha Iota Professional Music Sorority will be presenting a public concert, "A Tribute to Irving Berlin", at 8:15 p.m., Saturday, March 8, in the Center for the Arts Auditorium.

The concert will feature choral presentations, orchestra, and octet, and several smaller ensembles.

The concert is a benefit program for MS student, Mike Markert, who was recently treated in Rochester for an injury near the brain.

Tickets will be sold at the door, at 75 cents for students, and \$1.25 for adults.

Applications for
MISTIC Editor

must be in no

later than Mon.,

March 10, 4:00pm.

STRANGER THAN TRUTH!

In 1965 Edward Brady of Santa Barbara, California, gave up a perfectly good job to devote his life to professional golf. For three years Mr. Brady played thirty-six holes of golf every day, entering every tournament, never winning until last week. Yes, in the American Open in Sandusky, Ohio, he collected \$100,000... after Arnold Palmer accidentally hit him on the head with a 4 iron.



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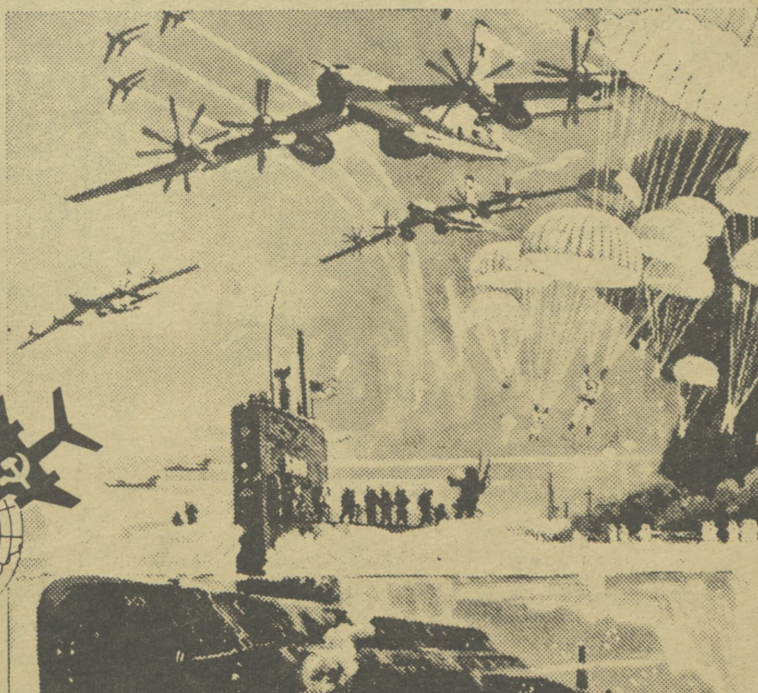
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Cinema 70



St. Cloud Sweeps Past MSC

It was not all roses, however, for the Dragons. "The biggest disappointment was in not winning the NIC championship," Skaar reviewed. "We felt all season that if we played the kind of basketball we were capable of, we could win it. The losses to the University of Minnesota-Morris

(59-58) and Winona State (48-45) were the most painful. We thought we should have won those two."

"We were also disappointed in not receiving a bid from the NCAA College Division for post-season tournament play. We were being considered, but our loss to St. Cloud State last Thursday (64-45) eliminated us."

"I was greatly impressed with the attitude and dedication of our team," Skaar continued. "They were a great group of athletes to work with, and they gave 100%.

We will miss our seniors a great deal next year, and some of them are virtually irreplaceable." Departing are front-line starters Bricker Johnsen (Underwood), Doug Jacobson (Fargo Shanley),

and center Larron Swanson (Hartley, Ia.). Guard Bob Williams (Oregon, Mo.), called by Skaar "the finest sixth man in the league" also graduates along with reserve center Joel Krenz (Tintah.).

Skaar was pleased with the work of Mike Berg (Wahpeton, N.D.), the sophomore transfer who topped the Dragons in scoring with 402 points in 24 games. "His play for a sophomore was outstanding, and we expect a great career from him." Berg's running mate at guard, Steve Colby (Alexandria), was also a sophomore and will return.

Moorhead finished 18-6 overall and 8-4 in the NIC for a third-place tie with UMM behind co-champions Winona State and St. Cloud State, both 8-2.

The 1968-69 basketball season is now history at Moorhead State College and head coach Marv Skaar can review the season with mixed emotions.

The Dragons compiled an 18-6 seasonal log, the second finest mark in M-State's history. Included in the triumphs were eight Northern Intercollegiate Conference victories, a championship in the Northern States' holiday tournament at Aberdeen, S.D. and prestigious non-league victories over the University of North Dakota (56-54) and Augustana (S.D.), 91-78.

Dragonettes Are Tough

When the Moorhead State Intercollegiate Women's Basketball Team took the court for the first time this season, they set two goals. First of all, they were determined to play their finest basketball and secondly, they wanted to achieve at least an even win-loss record. The women have already achieved their objectives. With only one game remaining, the Dragonettes have compiled an impressive 4 win - 2 loss record.

The outstanding feature of the Dragonette squad has been their team balance. Sparked by the all-around play of Gwen Erickson (Alexandria) and the scoring ability of Linda Beede's (Moorhead) short jump-shot combined with the outside shooting of Sue Simpson (Ada) and Cindy Herr (New York Mills), the MSC women have averaged 35 points per game. The offensive rebounding and the brilliant passing of Sue Graves (Alexandria) have added to the offensive play.

Women's basketball (for the benefit of those who do not know) differs slightly from that played by men. In men's games all of the players are able to cover the entire court. In women's basketball, however, the court is divided in half and only four of the six team players can be in one half of the court at one time. Women's teams are made up, therefore, of two stationary forwards and two stationary guards with only the two roving forwards being allowed to play full court.

Defensively, the Dragonettes have used the box zone quite effectively. This zone, anchored by stationary guards Karen Olson (Springfield) and Cheryl Ahrendt (Minneapolis), forces opponents to use long shots in order to score. As a result, opposing

teams have been held to an average of 26 points a game. Other members of the team are stationary forward Marcia Erickson (Doran) and Kathy Lervold (Halstad), a freshman who has seen action at both stationary guard and stationary forward positions. The Dragonettes will close out their season play next Monday, March 10, with a 7:30 game at Concordia.

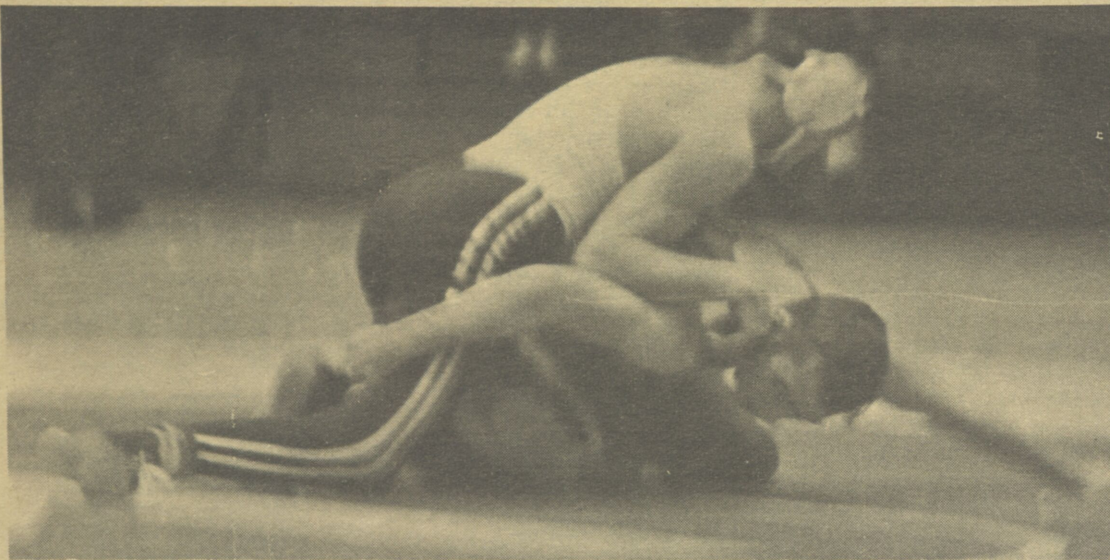
Girls participating in the "B" team program are: Pat Taylor, Nancy Hoyt, Karen Eskeli, Bonnie Berg, Gwen Myers, Becky Schindler, Nancy Liska and Elise Nordli. The teams are managed by Karen Anderson and Lili Aravjo. Miss Lindell is the coach.

THE DRAGONETTE RECORD

4 wins - 2 losses	
MSC 45 - Concordia	19
MSC 35 - NDSU	27
MSC 18 - NDSU	28
MSC 46 - Valley City	24
MSC 37 - BEMIDJI St.	33
MSC 31 - UND	39

NOTE: The MSC Women's Intercollegiate Sports Program is under the jurisdiction of the Women's Recreation Association. Therefore, every girl who attends Moorhead State College is eligible to participate in the intercollegiate as well as in the intramural programs established by the W.R.A. ALL girls, regardless of their major field of study, are all encouraged to try out for intercollegiate sports.

A BENEFIT CONCERT for Mike Markert will be sponsored by the SAI's and the Sinfonians Saturday, March 8, in the Center for the Arts Auditorium. Admission is 75¢ for students and \$1.25 for adults. Program starts at 8:15 p.m.

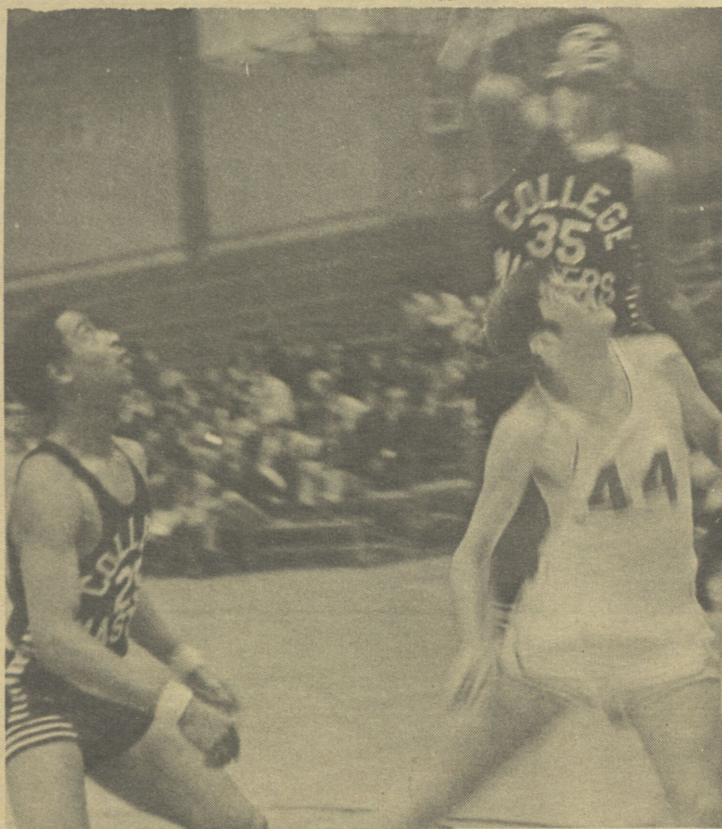


Gary Smith, shown here, is a member of the MSC wrestling team which copped the Conference honors at Mich. Tech.

Baby BB's

The Moorhead State College basketball freshmen closed a triumphant season last Thursday night with a 62-56 victory at St. Cloud State. The victory gave the Dragons a final seasonal mark of 13-5, one of the finest marks compiled in recent frosh cage annuals at M-State.

The junior Dragons had three starters that finished with a game average in double figures. The scoring brigade was paced by Jim Hardy of Phoenix, Ariz. A great prep athlete, Hardy tossed in 350 points in 18 contests for a squad-leading average of 19.4. Jerry Morrow (Fargo North) was second with 265 points (14.7). John Holm (Brainerd) also averaged in double figures with 184 points (10.2). Kurt Sieve (Alexandria) and Doug Farder (Oslo) joined the three scoring leaders in the starting array while Greg Smogard (Granite Falls) was a part-time starter. Other squad members include Keith Anderson (Canby), Doug Loftus (Montevideo) and Charles Anderson (Moorhead). The frosh are coached by Larry MacLeod.



"One more for the masters"

Dragon Track Notes

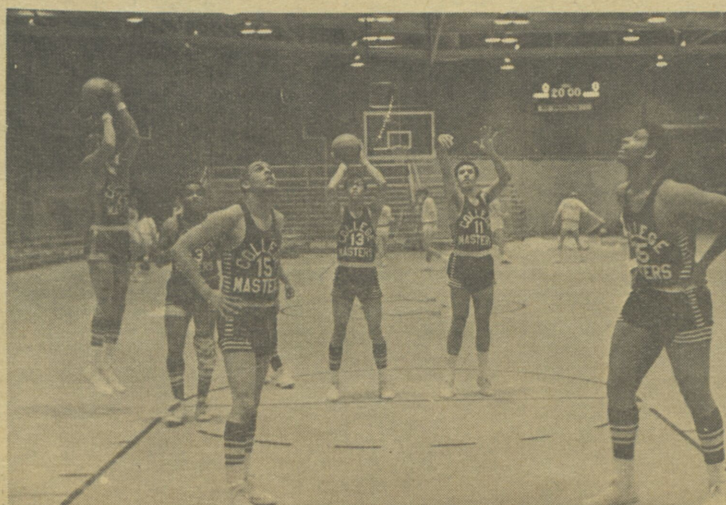
Moorhead State College track coach is currently hospitalized in Fargo, for a back ailment. Masanz entered the hospital last week and it is not known at this time when he can rejoin the Dragon track squad. Al Holmes is handling the track program in his absence.

Moorhead finished fourth in the annual Southern Minnesota Relays at Mankato State last weekend behind Mankato State (105), South Dakota State University (48) and LaCrosse State University (45). The Dragons accumulated 36 total points.

Co-captain Terry Harrington (Halstad) set a new school record in the 60-yard low hurdles with time of :06.85. He held the previous school mark of :06.9. Harrington also finished third in the 176-yard intermediate hurdles.

Lloyd Cordner (San Fernando, Trinidad, W.I.) was third in the 60-yard dash and fourth in the 176-yard dash while freshman Paul Gorshe (Chisholm) was fifth in the long jump.

Moorhead State returns to action March 12 when the Dragons will host a triangular meet at Alex Nemzek Fieldhouse.



"Warming up"

Matmen Triumph

Anchored by four individual champions, Moorhead State College compiled 81 team points and swept to the 1969 Northern Intercollegiate Conference wrestling championship at Houghton, Mich. last Thursday.

For Moorhead, it was the second successive team title and the third in five years. Last season Moorhead totaled 78 team points to gain the NIC title while sporting four individual champions.

1969 Dragon conference champions include 115-pound John Morley (Oceanside, N.Y.); 130-pound Bill Germann (Wantagh, N.Y.); 152-pound Bob Hall of (Flemington, N.J.) and 191-pound Bill Henderson (Ledgewood, N.J.). The Dragons also had a pair of second-place finishers in Roger Cook (Hadley, Pa.) at 123 and Mike Fitzgerald (N. Bellmore, N.Y.) at 145.

Hall and Germann captured NIC titles last season while Morley

and Bill Henderson were second last season. Fitzgerald was also an NIC champion in 1968.

"We were extremely impressed with our team performance," coach Bill Garland commented Monday, "especially our four seniors. Fitzgerald and Henderson were not physically up to par, but they wrestled well. I consider this one of the finest college wrestling conference in the country and I am proud of our achievements. I was also impressed with Michigan Tech's handling of the tourney." Tech was the host school.

Moorhead will enter the NCAA small college championships at San Luis Obispo, Calif. March 14-15.

ND Tourney

Alex Nemzek Fieldhouse will be the site of the 1969 North Dakota Southeast Class A Regional basketball tournament on March 5-8.

Eight North Dakota Class A high schools will participate, including Fargo North, Fargo Shanley, Fargo South, Jamestown, Lisbon, Valley City, Wahpeton and West Fargo.

First round action begins Wednesday night at 7:00 and 8:30 with semi-finals scheduled for Friday night. The championship game and consolation contest are set for Saturday night.

Fargo Shanley captured the crown last season with Fargo South finishing second. The top two teams advance to the North Dakota Class A State Championships.